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ANOTHER.

BY A. M. F. ROBINSON.

I have another lover loving me,
Himself beloved of all men, fair and true.
He would not have me change although I grew
Perfect as light, because more tenderly
He loves myself, than loves what I might be.
Low at my feet he sings the winter through,
And never won I love to hear him woo.

For in my heaven both sun and moon is he,
To my bare life a fruitful-flooding Nile,
His voice like April airs that in our isle
Wake sap in trees that slept since Autumn went,
His words are all caresses, and his smile
The relic of some Eden ravishment;
And he that loves me so I call Content.

ALONG THE LINE.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

AUTHOR OF "BENEATH THE SEA" "UNDER WILD SKIES" ETC, ETC.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

NED looked around with a queer semi-drunken smile, and then, leaning forward, whispered—

"Thirty shillings."

"And live on the other ten?"

"No," he said, "I live on the brandy, and the other ten shillings pay for the few things I want—lodging, and so on."

I was startled.

Matters were worse than I thought for, if he was speaking the truth; and I believed he was.

"Well, what do you say?" I asked him. "Will you come and live here?"

He shook his head.

"Ned," I said, "you told me you'd give anything to get out of this drinking habit."

"I would, John, I would—I would indeed; but it isn't to be done."

"Take a little more brandy, then," I said.

He glanced at me sharply, and then helped himself to about a wineglassful, poured it into himself—I can't call it drinking—and then sat looking gay and elate.

"Ned," I said then, quietly, "if you go on like this, in about a year's time I shall be standing by your grave."

"No, no, don't say that," he whimpered. "It's not so bad as you say."

"Leave it off, then," I said.

"I can't, my boy, I can't. It's life to me."

"Then come here and live, and let me cure you."

"Re-making me a teetotaller," he said, mockingly.

"Nonsense," I said, helping myself from the bottle, "I am no teetotaller—look."

"But you would make me one."

"No," I said.

"Come and try."

"But you'd take away my brandy, John."

"No," I said: "you should have as much as you liked."

"Then you'd drug it—you'd put opiates in it."

"Nothing of the kind. Look here Ned Hassall.

"Come here and live with me, and go according to my instructions. I shall exact strict obedience, but by way of compensation you shall have as much brandy as you like."

"Do you mean it?" he cried. "But it will be poor brandy—brandy and water."

"There's some trick here," he said, his voice trembling with excitement.

"There's no trick, Ned," I replied, quietly. "Place yourself under my guidance, and I'll try to cure you, but, in the first place you shall have as much as you like."

"Agreed," he said, with his eyes sparkling—"agreed, my dear boy. It's all right. When shall we begin?"

"When you like—to-morrow, say."

"Couldn't we begin to-night?" he whispered, eagerly, glancing at the bottle.

"Well, no," I said, "we could not very well.

"Firstly, you will have to arrange with Lawyer Wrigg to pay me your annuity. But you can take some more brandy if you like."

His hand was on the bottle directly, and the next moment he was grasping mine, and calling me his only friend—the best fellow in the world; and soon after I led him down to the gate and sent him off on the way to his wretched lodging; but he was so unsteady that I was obliged, for my own peace of mind, to go after him and see him safely home.

He left me crying great tears, like a child and in answer to my questions said it was because I was so good to him.

Poor Ned! neither he nor I saw the troubles that were coming out of my plan. I, for one, should not have gone on had I known.

As it was, I walked slowly back, to find Mrs. Bell sitting up for me, and ready to give me a reproachful look; while from upstairs there came a sound as if Bell had really got his new arm, and the steam was beginning to groan and snort as it waited to be put into action.

"And you really mean to try it, John Black?" said Mrs. Bell.

"Yes," I said, "if you don't run back."

"Oh, I shall not run back," she said, quietly, as she glanced at the bottle and glasses; "but it seems a curious way of beginning."

"Well, yes," I said, "it does; but all the same, I think it's the right plan, and mean to try."

* * * * * * * * *

I am expected to tell a portion of this story, if you please, and I take up my task very unwillingly; but as there are certain matters respecting its early stages that somebody else does not thoroughly know, I feel bound to accede to somebody's wishes and I will do my best to dictate.

Did you ever hear a mother talk nonsense to her little ones?

Did you ever hear her take them into her confidence and talk to them about other people's affairs, when all the time the little body she was talking to did nothing but think of flowers or sweets, or the promise of some walk in the meadows or woods?

Kate would be so silly in that way with darling little Vi, and go on chattering to her, in her loving young mother's way, about Frank, and where he had gone, and what time he would be back. Or else, perhaps, she would wait till I was in the room, and then begin to the child about me.

I had only just come downstairs out of my pretty little bed-room; all covered with jasmine running pattern on the paper, and the same flower repeated in reality outside the window, where it had to fight for its place with the clematis and roses.

Kate did not know it but I had been having a good cry in my own room, as I sat by the open window thinking of the past, and wondering what had become of poor Ned.

Let me see, I was now twenty-one, and it was four years since he went away; and during those four years I had never forgotten him, but thought of his every look and word.

He was so big, and strong, and manly.

I don't think he was what women call handsome; but in those days when he used to come over to the farm, riding generally with his friend, whom he used to call John my silly little girlish heart used to swell, and I used to have to fight hard so as to let him see the dear love for him that danced in my eyes.

Sometimes he'd stop and play croquet with us on the lawn, and I used to look with such jealous watchfulness at Kate, lest she should be trying to rob me of my love.

And when, in his great, manly way, he used to insist upon our calling him Ned, take me under his protection, and be my partner in some game, and speak softly to me, I could at any time have thrown myself in his arms, to nestle there and feel at rest.

But it never quite came to that.

Sometimes I used to think he loved me—feel sure he did, he was so tender and gentle, at other times I was in despair, for he was so calm and grave.

Then came those restless, feverish times when a week or a fortnight would elapse and he did not come—when I felt ill with the heart sickness that oppressed me; but only to get better on seeing him turn the corner, and canter round to the stables.

And at last a month had passed, and it was autumn, when one warm day he rode over, stayed talking till quite evening, and then, with palpitating heart, I found myself at last alone with him in the garden.

He was walking by my side, along through the thick shrubbery, silvered by the moon—ah! I can see it all now so plainly as I tell it—and I could not help thinking how grave and silent he was.

Not that it mattered for I was happy.

My joy seemed ecstatic and I felt that if time would only stand still, and we might go on so for ever, I could want no more.

We were nearly at the bottom of the garden, when Kate's merry voice calling to me broke the spell.

The next moment, though, without warning, he had placed his great strong arm round me, and drawn me unresisting to his breast, with his face in the shade and mine full in the moonlight.

"Jenny," he said, hoarsely, and his words seemed to come with quite a groan—"I wish I had been a better man for your sake. God bless you, child, God bless you! It is too late."

Then as I looked up wonderingly at him, trembling the while in his arms, he uttered quite a sob, bent over me, and kissed my lips twice.

The next moment he had set me free, and his last words were ringing in my ears, as I heard his hasty step on the gravel, and those words were—

"Good-bye!"

I never saw Ned again; for when, trembling and having hard work to keep down my tears, I went up to the house, it was to find that he had gone—gone without another word, after so long and free an intimacy; and we all agreed that there was something wrong—that some catastrophe had happened which time would explain.

Ned—I cannot help calling him Ned—Mr Edward Scarlett, was something connected with the great works at Mouldcaster—and he was very well off, we believed.

He used to come over to us after our meeting him by accident in Lorney-lane, when he was riding out with his friend.

Kate and I were out with the new cob in the little phaeton, when we came suddenly upon one of those great panting traction engines, drawing a steam plough and the pony dashed round, and set off at a fearful gallop.

"Quick, help me!" Kate cried, and we both tugged at the reins.

But it was like pulling at a rock, and before long we must have been overset, perhaps seriously hurt, when, as we crouched together there, white with fear, a gentleman on horseback galloped by us in pursuit, got abreast of the cob, and, cleverly leaning down, took hold of its head, when he went on with the gallop for a hundred yards or so, and then gradually subsided into a trot and a walk and the cob was conquered.

That was our first meeting with Mr. Scarlett, who turned to us, telling us not to be alarmed; and I remember feeling quite angry with Kate because she smiled, and looked so prettily and grateful to him, whilst I—a thin, unfledged girl—could only blush and look foolish.

His friend, Mr. John Panley, came cantering up directly after, and raised his hat; but did not seem to see him, as Mr. Scarlett leaped off his horse, handed the reins to the new-comer, and then proceeded to tighten the curb chain of the cob's bit, and to alter the rein in the bars.

"There," he said, "the poor thing was frightened—thought he'd met Mount Vesuvius out for a walk; but you'll be able now to stop him if he plays any pranks. But how you tremble!"

This was all to Kate, while I shrank back in my seat.

"You will not be afraid to drive home now, will you?"

"I don't know, I—I—"

Kate came to a full stop.

"Of course," he said, tenderly, "it has unnerved you both. Shall I drive you home?"

"If you would," I exclaimed, eagerly. And then I shrank back in my seat, blushing for my impetuosity.

"Well, I will, and with pleasure," he said, smiling at me, to my great confusion, "But you will have to change your place," I immediately bounced like a great grasshopper into the opposite seat, while Kate took mine; and then he got in and took the reins, laughing, as he said—

"You must play groom, Jack, and bring on my horse.

"Why, ladies—oh, my gracious, the poor springs!—this little pony vis-a-vis was never meant for persons of my calibre."

He was so frank, and open, and nice that Kate was at home with him directly.

But I felt more foolish and stupid than ever I felt in my life, and I could only blush when he said merrily to me, in allusion to the reins passing close to my shoulders—

"Now, take care, or I shall be inventing a new style of decapitation. Gently, pony—steady, sir."

"Oh, he's going to run away again," panted Kate, hysterically; while I sat as stiff as a poker.

"He going to try to—a rascal; but with fifteen stone more in the carriage, and a different pair of hands at the reins, he won't find it so easy.

"Quiet, sir, or I'll pull you into the trap. Come, come, ladies, don't be frightened. See, I can stop him at any moment."

He pulled the fidgety, frightened cob up short; and as we saw what command he had over the pony, with his great strong arms, I felt quite safe directly, and looked up at him and smiled; then his eyes met mine, and I looked down, feeling troubled and ashamed, as I had never before felt in my life.

"And now," he said, "where to, ladies? Mind, I shall expect a shilling for my trouble:"

"On to Glebe Farm, please," said Kate; "and we are so ashamed to trouble you."

"I know," he said—"the pretty place with the glycene growing all over it. As to the trouble, why, I'm delighted. I feel like a brave young hero in a three volume novel, who has rescued two beautiful maidens from being carried by the raging steeds attached to their carriage over a precipice seven inches in depth, with a furious cataract covered with duckweed and full of tadpoles at the bottom.

"Oh! but we are so much obliged," said Kate.

And I could see how pleased and bright she looked, as we drove on with the pad-pad, pad-pad of the saddle horses behind.

As Mr. Scarlett drove up through the

drive by the long field, papa was standing at the door, and he came hurrying down in alarm; but that soon passed away, and, in his dear old frank fashion, he pressed Mr. Scarlett and his friend to come in.

I saw them exchange glances; and the next minute their horses were being walked round to the stables, and papa was bringing out wine, and ale, and cigars.

That was the beginning of it, and they used to come over frequently—Mr. Pauley the more seldom. But what happy times those were!

Poor papa used to think that Mr. Scarlett came on purpose to see Kate, and I think Kate thought the same; but in his behavior to us he was always like some frank, good-hearted brother.

He used to say he rode over to the farm to get rid of cobwebs.

And now he'd be busy with papa, planning something new about the farm and stables, taking us girls fishing or for a long row on the little river, or perhaps helping us to garden, watering or weeding till he was tired, when he'd claim to be rewarded with a game of croquet.

What happy days, and how they glided away!

How plainly I can see them all—scene after scene, by the pleasant cottage farm, which papa rented more for his amusement than profit.

How blank the days seemed, too, when I used to get in the corner by my bed-room window, and watch, and watch for one who never came.

After a time papa heard rumors, something about Mr. Scarlett, and his leaving Mouldcaster; but he never would speak about it.

And the time glided away till a year had gone by, and Frank used to come to the farm—papa used jokingly to say to see me; but after a time it was an understood thing that Kate and he were engaged, and they were very happy.

Then the wedding came, after Frank had taken a very beautiful little farm, right on the other side of England, down about four miles from Beamish; and he used to say that there was only one drawback to it, and that was that the railway ran through it.

We had an aunt on our mother's side living in the neighborhood—at least, she was dear mamma's aunt—and papa used to tell us what a strange, rich, eccentric old lady she was.

How she had sent dear mamma a present when she was married—a couple of Angora kittens; and at dear mamma's death, which happened when I was a little thing, about five years old, she had sent him five pounds.

We used to feel it very dull at the farm after Kate had gone away; and I never went to see her, feeling that I could not leave papa, who used to call me his little housekeeper; and I suppose I grew very prim, and quiet, and reserved—very different from girls of my own age.

They used to ask me out in the neighborhood at first; but I refused so many invitations—not caring to leave home, for papa seemed low and very much changed—that at last they ceased altogether.

I used to have sad forebodings about poor papa, and not without cause; for during the next winter he gradually sank, and one morning I awoke to the fact that I was alone.

No one could have behaved more kindly brotherly than dear Frank at that time.

He used to laughingly tell me that the farm at Beamish would be full of weeds, for the time he spent away was very long.

But there was so much to settle in getting poor papa's affairs right.

Frank arranged all, though; and being practical, he sold off the stock well, and ended by telling me that, after Kate's portion of three thousand pounds had been paid, there was a modest little competence left for me of two hundred a year.

"And now, my dear," he said, "the sooner we are off home the better."

"Home?" I said, and my voice turned husky, and the tears stood in my eyes.

"Yes, home, my dear," he said, tenderly—"home with us, till some happy day when the right person comes to tempt you away."

"But I couldn't think, Frank—" I began.

"No," he said, smiling—"so Kate and I thought for you. There, don't say another word.

"I haven't talked about it, Jenny; but Kate and I settled it long enough ago."

That's how it was settled; and I went down with him, to find a second happy home at Beamish, where I was always spoken of as Aunt Jenny.

And now, in my confused way, I have tried to make all plain, and bring you up to the time when Kate kept on cooing nonsense to her little idol, Violet, the little fairy whom I am afraid I spoiled, yielding to her every whim and caprice like an old slave.

CHAPTER III.

IN CHAOS.

KATE had, of course, as good as forgotten the old days of the farm, when Mr. Scarlett used to come over, but I had not; for when, one day, she spoke lightly about him, and said it was a pleasant flirtation, a keen sense of pain shot through me; and as soon as I could do so without her noticing it, I left the room.

I knew then now I must have loved him—with all the first love of my child-girl's heart; and then I sat alone for hours thinking of it all, and telling myself that it was time to put aside the past, for that the love must have been all on my side, and that most probably he had never bestowed a thought upon me since.

Kate was, as I told you, cooing over and talking to little Vi all sorts of nonsense about her father; and then, as I went into the room, she changed her key.

"And here's Aunt Jenny come down, looking rosy and pretty, and ready to take ma's darling out for a walk if she's asked, to pick flowers in the fields."

"And see de trains," cried the child, excitedly.

And Kate looked rather rueful; for the little thing struggled off her knee to run to me, and the result was that I had to take her in my arms.

"Aunt Jenny don't want to go, pet," said Kate, talking at me:

"She's been making herself look pretty, because Mr. Mark Stacey's likely to come over."

"Indeed, Kate, I never thought anything of the kind," I said, coloring—"I'm going to take the child for a walk."

"Yes; and now she's blushing to the roots of her hair, pet, as she always does when his name's mentioned."

"Kate!" I cried.

"And she's going to take you for a walk, pet; because she thinks he'll be sure to come after her."

"It's cruel of you, Kate, to talk like this before the child."

"No, it isn't," she said, merrily.

"I shall tell him which way you have gone."

"Indeed, Kate, I beg you won't," I said.

"I shall be obliged to tell him if he asks me," said Kate, laughing—"mustn't I, Vi, darling?"

"Et, ma," said the little thing.

"There," said Kate "you hear Little Wisdom's judgment.

"Poor little sissy, how troubled and innocent she looks.

"Of course, she don't know why the handsomest young gentleman farmer in the neighborhood is constantly coming over to see Frank.

"Of course, Vi, she thinks he comes over about milk, and cows and turnips, or to pay civil court to an old married woman. Ah, Vi, my pretty pet, don't you be a sham when you grow up. You won't be a sham, will you?"

"No, Vi won't be a tam," piped the little thing.

And then she turned to me, "Oh! do, do, do, take me to see de train, Aunty Dinny," she cried.

And I was glad to run and put on my hat, so as to get away—the more readily that I knew from this that Mr. Stacey was coming.

I felt as if I could speak sharply to Kate, but she was very delicate then; for a few months before, when a tiny little sister to Violet had been sent, only to fade and die in a few hours, there had been a sad time in the house.

Poor Frank had gone about the place like a ghost; and during the nights when we used to take turn and turn by Kate's bed, to give her nourishment, and trim the failing lamp of life, which had threatened to flicker and die out from hour to hour, I used to open the bed-room door sometimes to look and see if he had gone to lie down and take some rest, only to have him start up from the mat, with the eager question, "Is she worse?"

So I said nothing but hastened to put on my hat; and came down, only to be bantered again by my merry sister, who, no doubt, thought all she said was kind and loving, though it cut me to the heart.

"Look at the wicked, coquettish thing, Vi," she cried—"putting on the sauciest, most killing hat she has got, and carrying that scarf over her arm. Oh, Vi my darling you'll be sadly in the way when some one comes.

"I hope they won't lose you."

"Good-bye, Kate," I said, quietly. "Now Vi, darling."

"I ready—I ready!" cried the little thing excitedly.

"Which way are you going, Jenny?" said Kate.

I answered her with a quiet, reproachful look, and she laughed as she threw her arms round me, and kissed me impetuously.

"Good-bye, pretty sister," she said. "It isn't matter; love is sure to find the way. See if he don't soon overtake you."

"Kate dear, you hurt me," I said.

"It's only a loving pain, dear," she said, laughing.

"There, you goose, you—he's over head and ears in love with you. He worships the ground on which you walk, and gets as sheepish as a great boy in your presence."

"Kate!—Kate!"

"Yes, Kate—Kate, indeed! Why, I shall be quite angry with you. What more do you want than a lover who's well off, young and handsome?

"Mrs. Stacey—Mrs. Mark Stacey, good morning."

She made me a mock curtsy, as little Vi tugged at my hand to go; and then, turning away to hide my agitated looks, I hurried out of the house.

We crossed field after field, all fresh with the wild blooms of summer; and mechanically I stooped and helped the child to pick a nosegay of pretty tiny blossoms, till we reached the gate of the farm-crossing by the railway, where I held little Vi up to watch the feathery white plume of steam, quite a mile away down the straight line; and then she clapped her hands with delight as she saw it grow larger and larger, come nearer and nearer, till, with a roar as of thunder the train dashed by us at full speed.

"Oh, Aunty Dinny, how nice!" cried the child panting and excited, as the whirlwind laden with scraps of straw and dust torn up by the train, passed away. "Now turn and see another."

"No, no!" I said, as I thought of Kate's words, and how possible it was that if Mr. Stacey came he might, after hearing that we had gone to the railway, make his way to the crossing.

"No, no," I said, "let us go into the shady wood, and pick the flowers there."

The child was dragging me the next instant towards the wood, where we were soon wandering through the pleasant sun-flecked shades, brushing the hazel boughs aside, and picking a flower here, another there, as we listened to the discordant cry of a noisy jay, or the soft cooing of the wood pigeons far away in some shady tree.

I sat down at last on a fallen tree to think while little Vi busied herself with the flowers she had gathered.

It was very hard to think, too; for as often as I went over what Kate had said, back came the pleasant days at the old farmhouse years before, and my eyes grew dim with tears.

But I tried hard to take a matter-of-fact look at the state of affairs, for I could not conceal from myself the fact that Mr Stacey who was one of Frank's most intimate friends, had been coming over to the farm evidently, during the past three months, on purpose to see me.

It was clear, too, that Frank liked him, and encouraged his visits.

More than once he had laughingly hinted at the possibility of my becoming mistress of Gable Farm, and said how nice and handy it would be.

He had even gone farther, saying that if he were not afraid of my taking it into my little head that he wanted to get rid of me, how glad he should be to see me well married.

Then, this Mr. Stacey.

Did I care for him?

He was very pleasant, cultivated, and agreeable, and the way in which he tried to forestall my every wish was most winning.

He was handsome, too, and scholarly though a farmer; and I was obliged to own to myself that he was a man of whom any woman might be proud.

But did I care for him?

Let me see.

He came over four or five times a week—in fact, he never missed an opportunity of coming to the farm.

I had danced with him, sung to him, played accompaniments while he sang—in a good, rich baritone voice—and I knew his step by heart; but my pulses never quickened when he was coming near, there was never so much as a heart-throb, and I felt no sorrow when he left.

I liked him, for he was very pleasant and affable; but did I love him well enough to take him for my husband?

There was no answer to this, no feeling of joyful elation, no desire to see him; and I felt that if he came and told me to-morrow I should say good-bye without a pang.

But then, I thought, would it be possible for me to ever feel again as I had felt about Ned?

Would the flower that had once blossomed and faded ever blossom again?

And my heart seem to say, No!

It was an unhappy position for me, for I knew that by accepting Mark Stacey as my future husband I should be giving great pleasure to those at home; and yet how could I, when it would be like proving false to my first love?

Then, like a dark cloud, lowering with despair, came the feeling, as it had come hundreds of times, that he of whom I dreamed had never cared for me, and that I should never see him again.

It was no imagination—there was a shadow falling athwart me, and starting to my feet, I found how true had been my sister's words, for there was Mark Stacey, standing smiling down upon me.

"Why, I must have startled you!" he cried, catching at my hand, and gazing eagerly into my half-averted face—"pray forgive me; it was very thoughtless. I meant it merely as a surprise, and, Miss Anson—Jenny—dear Jenny, I saw you sitting there so thoughtfully, and in my foolish vanity I hoped that you might have been thinking of me. You are not angry with me?"

"No—oh, no," I said, hastily.

"Pray take your seat again," he said eagerly.

Then I mechanically resumed my place, and half turned my head to where little Vi was still busy sorting her flowers.

He seemed to hesitate then; but directly after, he had seated himself beside me upon the fallen trunk, caught my hand in his, and was talking earnestly and fast.

"I have waited hoping all these months," he said, "hardly daring to expect such happiness could be mine; but you will tell me, Jenny, dear Jenny, that I may hope. You know, you must know, I love you; that I would give the world to call you mine; that, no matter what changes might take place, you would always have my love; that I should be yours, and yours alone. But you do not speak, you do not even give me a look," he exclaimed passionately, after he had been going on for some time in this strain.

"Have I given you offence by my being premature? Good heavens, you are crying! What have I done?"

I could not have told him; for he had set my heart throbbing, and my temples beating, with a wild, despairing feeling that I could not suppress.

The more he spoke the more I told myself I was mad to think as I did of the past. But the memories would come back; and at last I rose hastily, but only for him to catch both my hands in his.

"You are not angry with me, Jenny?" he said.

I shook my head.

"Let me go now," I said, in a sobbing whisper.

He tried to take me in his arms; but I shrank away from him with such a feeling of dread, that he refrained, and only raised my hands to his lips.

The next minute we were walking quietly back to the farm, where Kate was in high glee, her eyes dancing with mischievous light as she caught Vi in her arms.

"What did they talk about, pet?" she said, looking from one to the other, and evidently reading satisfaction in Mark Stacey's face; for she gave me a delighted look as I made for the door.

But she ran after me, with the child in arms, to send me sobbing up to my room—though I hid it from her—as she then whispered—

"You dear, good darling! Frank will be so pleased!"

CHAPTER IV.

PERILS OF THE RAIL.

I BELIEVE if I had asked Bell to give me his hand, he would have tried to unscrew it; for that man would do anything for me.

I said something more about my plans at breakfast the next morning; and he nodded his head, as he cut himself wedges of bread with the knife he held, and then cut little tiny dabs of butter and put on them, pressing each down so that it expanded on his bread, which was his way of buttering it.

He was rather a demonstrative man over his breakfast, and it used to annoy me at first; but I soon got used to the good honest fellow.

He always poured all his coffee out into his saucer, and then held it to his mouth, where it disappeared with a loud noise that was not pleasant to the hearer, till he took into consideration how thoroughly the man seemed to enjoy it.

Mrs. Bell made no further objection; she only said she hoped that matters might turn out as well as I seemed to hope, and we shook hands on it.

"It will be a good thing to try, at all events," I said.

"He is quite right, missus," said Bell. "But if she advises you not, John Black, don't you do it."

"I wish she would advise you to be a little more careful, Master Bell," I said, "about leaping before the trains as you do. He's getting careless."

"Oh, no, I aint," he said.

"There, don't look at me like that, missus," he cried as his wife glanced at his empty sleeve.

"There I'll be as careful and exact for the future as can be."

We started off for the station directly after, and the first thing Bell did was to pick up his shining namesake, wedge it between his knees, and have a good polish with his rotten-stone and oil.

"Ah," he said, rather grumpily, as I stood looking on—"you needn't have been so ready to say what you did to the missus."

"What, about your running risks before the trains?"

"Well, it was true enough—you are horribly careless."

"So would you be if you were always knocking about among 'em," said Bell.

"Why often and often I don't hear the fast trains a-comin' through, and they come with a rush by, one seems to get dead to 'em. I often wonder you don't meet with an accident."

"There, that'll do," I said, with a shudder.

"By jingo! what a smash there'd be if you turned the mid-way Beamish on to the Talleyford.

"Why, John Black, if you turned one o' them there handles wrong—only the leastest bit in the world—them two trains 'd cut one another to pieces."

"That's quite enough," I said, turning away, to walk down the platform and back; but no sooner was I abreast of Bell than he began again, as he shifted the bell, and made it give a sharp jangle.

"They do say as that there Miss Lint comes every day to see these two trains pitch in; for she hates trains, and is sure that one day or another there'll be a horrid accident."

"Old women's tales," I growled.

"Mebbe," said Bell, sententiously, "but she's wild agen the companies. You know they wanted some of her land when the line was made, and she said they shouldn't have it; but of course she had to give in by Act o' Parliament, and now she wants to be revenged on the company by seeing an accident.

"One she says is sure to happen some day. I'd be careful if I was you, John Black; for it is a dangerous way, them two trains running so nigh to one another."

"Confound you, hold your tongue!" I said, savagely, for he set my nerves all ajar.

I didn't believe what he said; but the idea of that old lady coming and sitting there in her carriage, day after day, on purpose to see me make a mistake some time or another with the points was so horrible, that I felt as if I should hate the sight of her for ever after.

I went away, leaving the croaker polishing away at his bell, and smiling at it; and a nice countenance he produced.

Turn the back of a clean table spoon to you and smile in that; then you'll see something of the kind of physiognomy that I caught a glimpse of as I glanced over Bell's shoulder.

I left all ajar as I went to my box, and climbed up the ladder to relieve James Gummer.

It was not quite my time, for there was

the Talleyford fast train to come; and when he had turned that off on to a branch, he would give up to me, and I was on till twelve o'clock that night.

As I got to the top of the ladder, I saw that there was a mineral waiting for the Talleyford to pass.

Quite by habit, too, I looked along the line to see that the signals stood at all right; while a faint clang in the distance told me that Abel had put down his bell, and was going to stand on the platform with his flag; for there in the distance was the white steam of the train, and it came rattling along at a fine rate.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A New Year's Gift.

BY W. H. C.

THE last day of the old year, with a piercingly cold wind, and a blue sky mottled with grey cloudlets, and whenever a drop of water fell a slippery spot on the sidewalk.

Sixth Avenue was in almost in gala attire wind and cold notwithstanding, the crowds of shoppers thronged the stores and purchased from the stock of holiday goods.

In the great establishment of Rolfe and Son, the sales-ladies were kept busy as bees, and little Emmie Horton, especially, had found her time very particularly occupied in waiting upon one of the most aristocratic and elegantly-dressed ladies she had seen in a long while.

But she had gone at last, with her parcel of expensive lace and luscious ribbons, and Emmie saw her get in the carriage, waiting at the door and drive off—one of fortune's favorites in the widest sense of the word, for she was young and fresh, and fair and lovely as a flower.

"That's Miss Payne—Miss Bessie Payne," Amy Fleming volunteered, seeing Emmie's admiring glance follow her customer.

"Didn't you know who it was?

"Bless me, why I thought everybody in the store knew Miss Payne.

"She's engaged to Mr. Frank Rolfe—to be married in the church to-morrow night—it's a wonder she'd be seen out, isn't it?"

For one little second all the great busy room with its subdued noise seemed to fade away into some far-off space, the next Emmie heard a crisp voice ask for "Cardinal sashing, please," and she brought herself back to everyday life again, and no one knew what it meant—that pale, hushed look on her sweet young face, that dumb, haunting shadow in her soft blue eyes.

No one but herself, and not until it was the hour for supper, and Emmie had time to let herself think, did she dare face it—Frank Rolfe engaged to be married to this beautiful, rich young creature, and—and he had for a long blessed year been trying, by every attention and devotion, to win her love—her love, little Emmie Horton, one of the shop-girl's in Rolfe and Son's employ.

She had not been unmaidenly in yielding her love to him.

Emmie's pure heart and conscience assured her of that, and Mr. Rolfe had persistently, but delicately sought her, and honored her upon all occasions, when, by so doing, he would not make her an object of gossip among her companions.

He had been so seemingly in earnest.

Emmie remembered his grave, quiet courtesy, his delicate, gentlemanly devotion, with a shiver of deathly pain and humiliation, for after all, she had only been his amusement, and he intended all the while to marry Miss Bessie Payne the heiress.

Poor little girl!

It was not her first experience of the hollowness of what the world calls friendship, for when fortune had deserted her, and her paralytic father had descended from affluence and position, in another city, to comparative poverty here in great, busy, indifferent New York, Emmie had tasted her first cup of painful experience, when summer friends had flown away; but this, this defection of Frank Rolfe's, this cruel, heartless treatment of her, was a thousandfold worse, for it laid in ruins the sweetest, fairest part of her woman's life—her hope, her faith, her trust, her—love.

All the rest of that hurried, busy evening Emmie kept steadily to her work, her sweet face pale and sad, her heart beating in dull, heavy throbs that felt like soft hammers in her temples, for, no matter how one craves rest from aching anguish of soul, daily work must go on, when one's daily bread depends upon it.

And to-morrow was New Year's Day!

Emmie had counted so upon it, and it was Frank Rolfe's wedding-day.

Ah! the unutterable agony that was actual physical pain as she tried to realize it.

Once one of the girls, seeing her pale and quiet, Emmie was asked by her what the matter was, and Emmie told her she was a little tired; ah! tired of everything—tired of living—and only seventeen!

Business kept the girls late that night, it was eleven o'clock when Emmie and Amy Fleming put on their heavy ulsters and hats, and mittens, and said good night at the corner, where they separated—a bitterly cold, blustering night, with a wind against which the thickest garments seemed no protection, and Emmie walked along, breasting the wind as well as she could, thinking of Frank Rolfe and the glance she had given him in passing the cashier's desk where, grave, handsome, gentlemanly, he was looking over the accounts — Bessie Payne's husband-elect.

Then, even thoughts of him, and her own heart-sorrow were suddenly dispersed as she slipped, staggered, caught herself, and then fell close by the corner of a street where a dark, gloomy, public building stood—and realized that, in falling on the treacherous ice, she had sprained her ankle and was faint with pain and terror—with terror at the sound of a man's voice, rough yet hushed, cruel and curt—just around the angle of the building, into whose door she had crept.

"I thought I heard somebody.

"Didn't you?"

"Yes, but it wasn't him; he hasn't come along yet.

"It was a woman.

"I saw her turn off at the corner."

"There isn't any doubt but what he will take the diamonds with him, I suppose? If he should have changed his mind it will be a bad job for us."

"He'll take them, you may be sure.

"I heard him tell Joe so myself.

"Said he.

"Just send the parcor up to Rolfe and Son's some time before six o'clock, and I'll take them to Miss—Miss"—I forget the name "myself."

"But maybe he won't go this way."

"Maybe he always do then."

"If he shows fight——"

"If he do, I'll show him.

"Got your slung-shot handy, 'haven't, you Bob?

"Golly, but it's a freezer to-night!"

And little Emmie Horton heard every syllable of it, and comprehended at once that they were lying in wait to rob—perhaps kill—Frank Rolfe as he was taking home the diamonds for his gift to his bride.

And he was coming—perhaps in a minute perhaps not quite so soon, but certainly coming that way—with the precious jewels in his possession.

He must not come—she must somehow save him, somehow warn him, for all he had broken her heart, ruined her fair young life and, dizzy with terror, pale and anguished with acute physical pain, this brave, grand little girl got herself along somehow, crawling, dragging herself by area railing, hopping on her well foot, through the almost interminable seven blocks back to the store, where the lights were still burning, and where, as she dragged herself in, by the aid of counters and stools, Frank Rolfe and his father—a courtely, handsome, grey-headed gentleman—could not conceal their astonishment and dismay at sight of her—pale, excited, evidently suffering, as she told her story in eager, yet coherent words, and then—sank in a deep dead faint on the office floor.

"The splendid little creature!

"Frank, this is what I call true heroism. Ring for the keeper's wife to come—there, lift her gently, and we will lay her on the sofa—poor, brave, grand little girl! She has saved your life, Frank."

And as he stood looking at her, pale as a snowdrop, curious thoughts were in Frank Rolfe's mind.

The keeper's wife came, and a hack was telephoned for, and while Emmie was being conveyed home, her foot and ankle as comfortable as possible, there was a telephonic consultation between police head-quarters and Rolfe and Son's counting-room, and—in a half-hour more, as Frank Rolfe walked past the corner, revolver ready, a couple of policemen who had approached the spot by another route, sprang upon the men and arrested them in the very act of attack.

The next day was New Year's—bright, calm, with diminished temperature, and full of rare promise and beauty, only this womanly, brave little Emmie of mine was not brave and heroic, but silently crying as she lay on the crimson carpet lounge in her room, trying not to think and yet never thinking of anything else than—to-day was Frank Rolfe's wedding-day, and that never more was there any hope, or joy, or love for her.

And then some one knocked at the door, and Rolfe and Son and Miss Bessie Payne came in, and a great lovely flush spread over Emmie's face as she greeted them, and when Miss Payne knelt down beside the lounge and kissed her.

"You are a little heroine, my dear," she said sweetly.

"And I have come to bring you the reward for your splendid courage.

"You know I am to be married to-night Mr. Rolfe?

"Yes?

"Well, you are to let us take you home with me, Emmie—never mind your foot—and, dear, I know all about how much Frank loves you—almost as well as his father, my Frank, loves me.

"And—Frank, you tell her the rest of the conspiracy, will you?"

And she stepped back, taking Mr. Rolfe with her, while Frank leaned affectionately over the hushed, awed face upturned to his.

"I want a double wedding to-night, my dear—Bessie and my father, and you and I, Emmie.

"I have never asked you to be my wife, dear, but you must have known I meant it to be so, and I want you now, right away. The carriage will take you to Bessie's, and we will have a quiet little ceremony just before the other bridal pair go to the church.

"Darling, shall it be so?"

And then Emmie knew that the New Year had indeed brought the sweetest of human gifts to her, and she closed her sweet eyes in a silent rapturous thanksgiving before she answered him—

"Oh Frank!"

But it was enough for him; he read the assent in her eyes and kissed her lovely happy mouth.

And when the wedding guests went in raptures over Mrs. Frank Rolfe senior's diamonds, they were told it was the gift of Mrs. Frank Rolfe junior—a royal bridal gift, a New Year's gift of price and value untold, but by those who knew the story.

JAPANESE FOLK LORE.—To avoid bad dreams or a nightmare some Chinese characters are written on a slip of paper, which is placed under the pillow. These may be translated, "Tapir, come eat," there being an old story about a tapir eating a nightmare. If the dew on the grass be gathered on the first day of the fifth month it will cure sores on the feet. If a traveler before commencing a journey writes the character shin (red) on the palm of his left hand and licks it off he will be preserved from harm. A piece of paper bearing the impression of a black hand is employed to ward off an attack of small-pox. A piece of red paper with three of the characters for "horse" serves a similar purpose. A rice spoon is also used. Garlic is hung up to protect sufferers from chills and colds. The poorest will not wear cast-off sandals, "fearing to step into another's shoes." Signs for luck are seen everywhere, and when a girl begins to play on the three-stringed guitar she touches her wrist with her lips for luck. Twins of opposite sex were often wedded to preclude the necessity of a cruel separation. The dead are placed with head lying to the north, no one who desires to survive until morning should rest in this posture. To spill the medicine is a sign of recovery. A woman stepping over an edged tool, sword, razor, or knife spoils the edge and temper. To bite the tongue indicates that the food is begrudged. A bean dropped into the well for each day a journey is supposed to last will preserve the traveler's feet from foot-sores. The gridiron used for broiling fish is held above the head and thrice turned as a charm to prevent the fish from adhering to the metal. Good luck at lotteries is thought to be obtained by the possession of the tops of the laths from graves, or the pumice-stone employed at the public baths for rubbing down the horny parts of the feet. Some women are liable, when sound asleep and dreaming, to have their head leave the body, still slumbering, and roam about, the head only attached to the body by an almost imperceptible film. It is dangerous to arouse them till the head returns to its original position.

THE QUAKER'S HAT.—The first occasion when it came publicly into trouble was in the year 1656, before no less a personage than Chief Justice Glynn, in connection with which a writer in the *Saturday Review* quotes the following, partly in Fox's own words: "When we were brought into the court we stood a pretty while with our hats on, and all was quiet; and I was moved to say, "Peace be amongst you."—"Why do you not put off your hats?" said the Judge to us. We said nothing. "Put off your hats," said the Judge again. Still we said nothing. Then said the Judge, "The court commands you to put off your hats." George Fox then asked for some scriptural instance of any magistrate commanding prisoners to put off their hats. He next asked to be shown, "either written or printed, any law of England that did command such a thing." Then the Judge grew very angry, and said, "I do not carry my law-books on my back,"—"But," said Fox, "tell me where it is printed in any statute-book, that I may read it." The chief justice cried out, "Prevaricator!" and ordered the Quakers to be taken away. When they were brought before him again, the chief justice asked whether hats are mentioned at all in the Bible? "Yes," said the Quaker, "in the third of Daniel, where thou mayest read that the three children were cast into the fiery furnace by Nebuchadnezzar's command, with their coats, their hose, and their hats on." Herewas a proof that even a heathen king allowed men to wear hats in his presence. "This plain instance stopped him," say Fox, "so he cried again, "Take them away, jailor." Accordingly, we were taken away and thrust in among thieves, where we were kept a great while." Fox's last declaration on the subject of the hat was made in 1677. "The very Turks," he says, "mock at the Christians in their proverb, saying, 'The Christians spend much of their time in putting off their hats and showing their bare necks to one another.'"

BIG NOSES.—Napoleon was not the first person to declare a preference for men with big noses. A century before his birth, an old author, in response to his own questions pronounced "the biggest nose the best nose," instancing the case of the Roman emperors. Numa's nose was half a foot long, and earned for him the honorable surname of Pompilius. According to Plutarch, Lycurgus and Solon ran to the nose, and so did all the Roman kings, excepting Tarquinus, and he was dethroned. Homer's nose was seven inches long. A French writer says, "Large noses are held in honor everywhere in the world, except among the Chinese and the Tartars."

DRINKING FOUNTAIN.—A cheap drinking fountain for poul-try-may be made by using discarded tin fruit cans. Cut a hole about half an inch in diameter on the edge of the rim near the opening made to extract the former contents, and then fill the can with water and invert over a saucer. The pressure of the atmosphere will prevent the water from flowing out faster than it is used.

Bric-a-Brac.

CHINESE DRESS.—The ordinary Chinaman wears cotton all the year round. A complete suit costs about one dollar and a half, and lasts for six months.

RISKY SHAVING.—Neibuhr, the historian of Rome, frequently shaved while walking up and down the room, and would even talk during this dangerous operation.

LUZ.—This is the name given by the old Jewish Rabbins to an imaginary little bone which they believed to exist at the base of the spinal column, and to be incapable of destruction. To its everliving power, fermented by a flood of dew from heaven, they ascribed the resurrection of the dead.

SHARK JEWELRY.—Industrial art now employs the skins of certain sharks for sleeve buttons and the like—these, when dried and polished, almost equalling the choicest stones, and greatly resembling the fossil coral porites. The vertebræ of the shark are always in demand for canes. The opening filled with marrow during life is for this purpose fitted with a steel or iron rod, the side openings are filled with mother-of-pearl, and, when polished, the cane is decidedly ornamental.

"I SERVE."—Ich Dien, in English "I serve," is the motto under the plume of ostrich feathers found in the helmet of the King of Bohemia after he was slain at the battle of Cressy, at which he served as a volunteer in the French army, 26 Aug., 1346. Edward the Black Price, in respect to his father, Edward III., who commanded that day, though the prince won the battle, adopted the motto, which has since been worn with the feathers by the Princess of Wales, the heirs to the Crown of England.

THE MONTHS.—It was a belief among the Poles that each month of the year was under the influence of a precious stone. Thus: January was represented by a garnet, emblem of constancy and fidelity; February, the amethyst, sincerity; March, bloodstone, courage, and presence of mind; April diamond, innocence; May, emerald, success in love; June, agate, health, and long life; July, cornelian, contented mind; August, sardonyx, conjugal felicity; September, chrysolite, antidote against madness; October, the opal, hope; November, topaz, fidelity; and December, turquoise. These several stones were set in rings and other trickets, as presents.

ROMAN SOLDIERY.—Among the ancient Romans, the soldiery were well cared for. From the time of the Punic wars the Roman republic provided that well instructed physicians should accompany its troops, and members of the organized medical staff took a respectable place in the military ranks. The great reformer of the army, however in this respect, was the Emperor Augustus. "He was the first to introduce formal hospitals quite in the modern fashion." There were prescribed rules issued by the surgeons to their subordinates for "the binding of lance wounds," and for "the drawing out of arrows." A Roman legion had its regular "sick-bearers" and a "book-keeper," who attended to the distribution of materials for the hospital.

CHURCH PEWS.—In the early days of Anglo-Saxon and some of the Norman churches, a small stone bench running round the interior of the church, except the east side, was the only sitting accommodation for the visitors. In 1319 the people are represented as sitting on the ground or standing. A little later the people introduced low, three legged stools promiscuously over the church. Soon after the Norman Conquest wooden seats were introduced. In 1387 a degree was issued in regard to the wrangling for seats, so common, that none should call any seat in church his own except nobleman or patron each entering and holding the one he first found. From 1530 to 1540 seats were more appropriated. In 1608 galleries were introduced, and as early as 1614 pews were arranged to afford comfort by being balzed or cushioned, while while the sides around were so high as to hide the occupants—a device of the Puritans to avoid being seen by the officers, who reported those who did not stand when the name of Jesus was mentioned.

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.—The conflagration of the scaffolds intended for fireworks for the celebration of the marriage of Louis XVI is generally known. Amidst the distracted multitude pressing on every side, trampled under the horses' feet, precipitated into the ditches of the Rue Royal and the square, was a young man, with a girl with whom he was in love. She was beautiful; their attachment had lasted several years; pecuniary causes had delayed their union; but the following day they were to be married. For a long time the lover protected his betrothed, keeping her behind him, covering her with his own person, sustained her strength and courage. But the tumult the cries, the terror, and peril, every moment increased. "I am sinking," she said; "my strength fails—I can go no further."—"There is yet a way!" cried the lover, in despair; "get on my shoulders." He feels that his advice has been followed, and the hope of saving her whom he loves, redoubles his ardor and strength. He resists the most violent concussion; with his arms firmly before his breast, he with difficulty forces his way through the crowd; at length he clears it. Arrived at one of the extremities of the place, having set down his precious burthen, faltering exhausted, fatigued to death, but intoxicated with joy, he turns round; it was a different person!—another, more active, had taken advantage of his recommendation; and his dear one was no more.

MY GIFT.

BY SYLVIA A. MOSS.

Yes, keep the violets that I gave—
My pledge of friendship they,
And that is all. You have no power
To win my heart away.
There's many a one who will bestow,
The selfish love you seek,
Deign for your sake alone to live—
Confiding true and meek.

It will not please me though to think,
When years have pass'd away,
That you have kept the little gift
I gave you yesterday.
To know that once you valued mine
All other gifts above,
And that my friendship was to you,
More than another's love.

TIFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GREAT MISTAKE," "ROSE OF THE WORLD," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED.]

"OH, Ninon, not really?"

"Yes—really and truly.

"But what does it matter?

"I was sick of London.

"I get sick of every place, you know.

"But, at any rate, in Marybridge you and I are together, and we must go on with our lessons at home, I suppose, though"—laughing and sighing—"we don't seem to make much progress, you as pupil, or I as mistress."

"It is my fault," declared Tiffany penitently.

"I would rather talk to you than study German.

"And then mother does not like the noise of the piano.

"However, we can but try again!"

Both the girls broke into a laugh over the irrepressible hopefulness of this speech.

"Dear little Tiff!" said Ninon again tenderly.

"It is so good to be back with you again, dear!

"And the village looks nice and clean and sleepy.

"I believe I like Marybridge better than London, after all."

"For a day," declared Tiff ruefully, shaking her red head.

"Nothing of much importance has occurred, I presume, during my absence?" said her sister.

"No.

"Brian Beaufoy has not come.

"I don't believe he ever will.

"But the Miss Palmers have got new pink bonnets, and mother has been out to tea twice."

"Marybridge is becoming dissipated," declared Ninon gravely.

They were walking through the twilight streets now; they could see a light in the distant window of Laurel Lodge, which stood on the outskirts of the village.

Hardly a soul was abroad.

The girl remembered that at that hour the evening before, she had been dressing for dinner and fastening on her shoulder the white roses that Sir Robert Davenant had sent her.

If he could see her now!

If he could see the prim vulgarity of the little cottage in which her life was henceforth to be spent!

For a moment her courage did fail her as she stood with Tiffany at the door, waiting until it should be opened to them.

A mad desire seized her to rush away, to go back to Katherine, and say that she had repented of her folly, that she would give up Dick and marry Sir Robert; but then Tiffany's hand stole inside her arm as they stood together, and Ninon turned suddenly and kissed her on the cheek.

"If only she would not say anything to-night!" she said, with an hysterical laugh.

"I am tired.

"I don't feel as if I could stand very much.

"Hush

"Here comes Sarah to the door."

The little hall was dark.

Miss Masserene smiled a hurried acknowledgement of the housemaid's welcome, and went upstairs at once to her room, followed by Tiffany.

"We have escaped for the present, at any rate," she said, with a dreary laugh, as she took off her things.

There was no candle and no matches in the room.

The dusk was closing in fast.

The girls sat down side by side on the bed and listened, expecting every moment to hear Mrs. Masserene's step on the stairs and her angry knock at the door.

But not a sound broke the solemn stillness of the house.

And Ninon, who had been too much excited all day to eat, was beginning to feel faint from hunger.

"Tiff, suppose you go down and reconnoitre," she said uneasily.

"Perhaps she is waiting for me to come down and explain; and I really cannot until I have had a cup of tea and something to eat."

Tiffany was absent some few minutes; and then she returned, looking rather frightened.

"Mother is out," she said.

"And—and Sarah says that you cannot have any tea or anything to eat, as mother locked up everything, and did not say that you were expected."

Ninon broke into a wretched laugh.

"This is worse than Avranches," she said.

"I am evidently in such deep disgrace that only starvation is considered a sufficient punishment.

"Don't cry, child!"—as little Tiff burst into a sudden passion of tears.

"We will go down and see what Sarah has to say.

"Tiff, my own little Tiff, don't cry; are we not together again, and isn't that enough for me?"

She dried the child's eyes tenderly, and tried to make her laugh at the situation.

"Sarah shall go out and buy us something.

"What does it matter, dear?"

But Sarah declared, embarrassed, that she had been forbidden to leave the house, on pain of instant dismissal.

"If I had known," declared Ninon laughing, "I would have saved up some of my last night's supper, or of aunt Dorothy's luncheon to-day.

"However, it can't be helped."

"I will go to the village," said Tiffany, rubbing her red eyes; but Sarah eagerly interposed.

"If you please, Miss Ninon," she said, "don't let Miss Tiffany do that.

"I don't mean to tell tales; but it was against my mistress's orders that Miss Tiffany went to the station to meet you."

"Tiff!"

"Well," cried Tiff dismally, "I shall only be locked up all day to-morrow on bread and water.

"I told mother I should go, and, of course, Sarah must tell the truth when she is asked.

"But you, my pretty sweet Ninon, not to have even the bread and water—oh, it is cruel, cruel!"

The child burst into another passion of weeping, while poor Sarah offered kind but clumsy consolation; and Miss Masserene, pale and cold, stood struggling for self-control.

"Come, Tiff," she said at last; "it is too late for us to go back to the village, and the shops are all shut.

"I am not hungry now.

"I could not eat, it would choke me.

"We will go upstairs.

"Please, Sarah, give me a candle."

But there were no candles to be had either.

"We will go in the dark then," said Ninon quietly.

"Good night to you, Sarah."

And the sisters went upstairs together.

"It is to be war," she said, as she bolted and locked the door; and they felt their way across the room.

"And she does not know all yet."

"When she does!"

Long after Tiffany had sobbed herself to sleep, Ninon sat up, faint and chill, in the dark.

She heard her step-mother come in and go to her room; and then a blank silence fell upon the house.

Far away in the pretty cottage at Barnes, Dick Strong was sleeping and dreaming of his beautiful sweetheart.

In London, Sir Robert was at the opera perhaps, or a ball.

Charles St. Leonards was just beginning his scene with Lady Blanche, at which she looked the night before from Lady Ingram's box.

Ernest Savage was perhaps kneeling at some other woman's feet.

All the little world over which she had queened it was living its life as gaily in her absence as when she had lent it the charm of her beauty.

And she—she had made a promise which she would keep, because a Beaufoy could not be dishonorable; but, if Dick had known how much it was likely to cost her, would he go away so happily?

At daybreak the girl fell at last into a restless doze, which was disturbed by dreams, and by the perpetual recurrence of Lady Ingram's words to her the night before—"This is not the drama; this is only the prologue!"

CHAPTER XVII.

"TIFFANY, I wonder what it feels like to be a heroine, or if heroines are conscious that they are heroines while their story is acting itself out?"

"Very likely not."

"Then, for all we know, you and I may be heroines at this present moment!

"What a thrilling idea!"

The two girls were trudging wearily along a bare high-road under a hot July sun, from which their umbrellas were powerless to protect them—an uninteresting road, where hardly a soul was to be met but wagoners in smock-frocks, and where the reflected heat and clouds of dust were extremely trying to the temper.

Tiffany Masserene was one of those luckless little bodies who turn crimson under the influence of the heat.

Ninon, though quite as uncomfortable, probably, as her sister, looked cooler than any white flower in her dark-blue cotton gown and her hat of coarse dark-blue straw.

"It is true," she went on, "that nothing has yet occurred in our lives of sufficient importance to warrant us in the belief.

"But who knows?

"It may be going to occur this very afternoon!"

"It may!" echoed Tiffany, with languid sarcasm.

"Well, why not?

"Haven't you always noticed in story books that it is on a particularly stupid day—usually when it is very sultry, and the heroine is least expecting any change—that the young lord is thrown from his horse at her father's gate, or the Indian letters arrive telling her that her rich uncle is coming home to adopt her, or she receives an invition to spend a week with an old schoolfellow at a country-house, where, poor as she is, she always has a fresh muslin gown to wear at dinner on the first evening, in which guileless attire she invariably cuts out the Worth-clad maidens whom she meets, and captivates the matrimonial prize on the spot?"

"Mercy on us, Ninon," panted poor Tiffany, with a reluctant smile, as she shifted her umbrella from one hot hand to the other, "what a tirade!

"Have you been writing a novel, pray, and is this a base attempt to get me to read it?

"If so, I warn you that your subterfuge is detected.

"I decline to do so distinctly and decisively."

"Tiffany, scoff if you will," retorted her sister with solemnity, "but it is so warm, and I feel so unutterably bored, that, by all the laws of magazine romance, something must be going to happen!"

"Very likely the black hen has laid an egg, or Miss Smith has brought home our new grenadine gowns: is not that enough for one evening, pray?

"Though"—with an adoring glance at her sister's charming pale face—"I really see no reason why you should not set up as a heroine, Ninon, if you feel 'so disposed.'

"You are certainly quite pretty enough."

"You think so?"

"I do."

"Then nothing remains—if you look this way again, Tiffany, you will see that a smile of gratified vanity is hovering around my lips—but to decide on what style I shall adopt, after which I will do my best to begin my new career with an effective first chapter."

"Oh, Ninon," said Tiffany, growing suddenly earnest, "I wish some one would come and take you away again!

"It breaks my heart to see you hidden in a place like this."

"With my dearest little Tiff!" answered Ninon gaily.

"What nonsense have you got into that wise little head of yours now, I should like to know?

"It is the heat, no doubt.

"But keep up your courage; in about ten minutes more we shall be at the Priory, if we don't faint by the roadside in the meanwhile, or at the gates.

"It might be worth while to do so if the owner of that desirable country seat were at home; but, as Mr. Beaufoy happens to be still at Vienna, it would be a pity to soil our clean cotton gowns on the chance of his picking us up!"

Tiffany sighed.

"If Brian Beaufoy would only come home and fall in love with you!" she said plaintively.

"But, you see, Tiff, Mr. Beaufoy is disporting himself abroad in utter unconsciousness of my existence, while I—oh, the sarcasm of destiny!—am proceeding to the Priory for the unromantic purpose of picking his raspberriers and converting them into jam!"

"Mother's raspberries!" corrected Tiff stoutly.

"She pays for them."

"Yes; she certainly does pay Mr. Beaufoy's gardener an unimportant sum for the run of his garden during his absence, but I don't see that that adds materially to the romance of the situation, little Tiff."

Tiffany only shrugged her sturdy shoulders.

The day was getting hotter, the dust thicker and whiter, the shadows of the hedges sharper at every step.

The last ten minutes of their long walk seemed almost unendurable.

But at length they came in sight of the park palings, and then of the gates of the Priory and their rusty griffins, and caught the longed-for glimpse of green boughs and flickering shadows beyond the iron bars.

The lodge-keeper's wife bobbed a smiling welcome to the young ladies as she admitted them.

It was known in Marybridge that Mrs. Masserene and her daughters, poor as they were, were related in some way to the absent "family," and it was besides not easy to look at Ninon's face without smiling.

Ninon smiled back frankly at the bobbing young woman, and then the gate fell to behind her and her sister, and they left the glare of the high-road for the dim green twilight of the park.

"Oh, what a relief!" cried Ninon, pulling off her hat and walking through the long luxuriant grass in order to dust her little whitey-brown shoes.

"Tiffany, let us lunch on raspberries and dine on cherries, and not go home till evening."

"We must fill the baskets, I suppose," returned Tiffany ruefully.

"Mother will be much vexed if we do not."

"What can it matter?

"We shall have eaten as many as we want.

"For my part, I would rather feast on the fresh fruit, and go jamless in the winter."

"You think so now," said her sister sensibly.

"But you would complain very much of the bare bread-and-butter when the winter came."

"So I should, you dear little ant!

"I am a born grasshopper, I am afraid!

"But the baskets shall be filled."

Tall elms and chestnuts arched their interlacing boughs high above the two young heads, and checkered the afternoon dimness of the drive with flickering lights and shadows.

Great roots were thrusting themselves through the mossy grass where the huge trunks stood almost knee-deep in hardy bracken.

Deer were feeding tranquilly on either side of the lordly avenue that led straight to the house, as the girls passed along under the vast arms of the umbrageous oaks, under the straight dense roofs of the cedars, and so across the deserted lawns and dazzling old flower-gardens to the oaken doors of the Priory itself.

It was a lovely old house that formed three sides of a square, and its stained and weather-beaten walls were almost covered with huge masses of ivy, through which its diamond-paned casements looked out sadly enough across the duck-weedy fish-ponds and neglected pleasaunce that spread before them in most picturesque disorder and decay.

There was no one in the echoing house to admire the charming romantic desolation by which it was surrounded.

The housekeeper was very much of her absent master's mind, and, finding the old place rheumatic and dismal, hardly ever stirred out of her snug wainscoted parlor, except to receive Miss Masserene.

Ninon was a very welcome visitor at the Priory.

Good old Mrs. Burney had accorded her the privilege of wandering at will through the pretty deserted old rooms, of borrowing the books in the old-fashioned library, and of carrying away as many flowers as she cared to gather.

Sometimes, when the girl was alone—the old dame could never bring herself to be more than civilly stiff and stately to poor Tiff—Mrs. Burney would accompany her on her rambles through the echoing chambers and corridors, and tell her all manner of old stories and traditions about the Beaufoy family, and the pictures of them that hung upon the wall.

There was one of these to which Miss Masserene bore a very striking resemblance.

It was no wonder, old Mrs. Burney declared.

Everyone knew that she had some of the Beaufoy blood in her veins, and—with a stately curtsey—Miss Masserene would allow her to say that she did the family credit.

And there was another portrait which Ninon could never pass without looking at it—the portrait of a sarcastic-looking young man with melancholy brown eyes, and dressed in the fashion of the eighteenth century.

The melancholy eyes, which had a smile in them in spite of their sadness, seemed to constrain Ninon's to meet them when she entered the gallery; and yet, when she looked up, the young man seemed to be gazing past her at the picture which she so greatly resembled—the picture of beautiful Gillian Beaufoy, who had died so young, and who hung on the opposite wall in her great gold frame.

She was dressed in white satin, and had a large striped carnation in her piled-up chestnut hair.

The young man—Denis Beaufoy—had a white rose in the lapel of his high rolling collar.

Ninon thought he must have been very handsome when he gathered that rose—one summer day perhaps in the Priory gardens—to put in his coat when he sat for his portrait.

Did he and Gillian Beaufoy ever stand before the picture in the echoing old gallery, and were they sweethearts in those pleasant bygone days?

She was thinking of her picture—she always called the portrait of Colonel Denis Beaufoy her picture—now, as she and Tiffany climbed the sun-baked terrace-steps to the house, standing empty and voiceless as usual among its brilliant bewildering profusion of midsummer flowers.

The afternoon was at its very hottest; windows and doors were thrown wide open; it was so still that not a leaf of the bee-haunted limes, not a velvet blue-black twig of the magnificent old cedars on the lawn, could be seen to stir against the intense blue of the sky; the scent of innumerable sun-warmed roses filled the air.

"Let us go in and rest for an hour," sighed Ninon, pausing at the bottom of the terrace-steps.

"It will be cooler then."

Tiffany shook her shrewd little head.

"If you once get among the pictures and books, you will not want to leave them."

Ninon laughed, and put her pretty arms about her and kissed her.

It was she who had offered to assist Mrs. Masserene by picking the raspberries for her.

Tiffany had warned her dubiously that she would find it very hot in the Priory gardens.

"And you will get sunburnt," she said.

"As for me, a few freckles more or less don't matter!"

"It will be cooler under the limes there than in our stuffy little drawing-room at home," was Ninon's answer.

"Picking fruit will be an agreeable change from perpetual embroidery, fat children in sun-bonnets and short-waisted frocks in the ends of whitey-brown towels, or practicing classical duets and taking dreary duty-walks along the Marybridge road."

And so it had been settled.

But, after her long walk, Ninon's opinion had undergone a change.

"Tiff," she said, with a charming penitent smile, "you don't care for the books, and I don't care for the jam.

"You can come for me when you are tired."

She went rapidly up the flight of stone steps to the terrace, on the sculptured bal-

estrade of which a china rose was clambering and blooming.

"You don't mind?" she said, turning round, an arched and graceful shape, and smiling down on hot little Tiffany below.

"Of course not!" cried Tiff; and she marched off to the kitchen-garden, where her baskets were awaiting her.

Ninon watched her, hesitating for a moment; then, with a little shrug of her shoulders, she turned and entered the cool marble-floored hall, where statues glimmered palely against the oaken walls, and where, overhead, the stealing sun-beams caught at the trophies of spears and helmets and cross-bows that hung dusty and tattered over them.

An afternoon hush and stillness had fallen upon the house.

Not a soul was to be seen.

The blinds were drawn down over the open windows.

From a distant room upstairs came the sound of one of the servants' voices speaking to a groom or gardener on the terrace below.

The man's answering laugh and rejoinder reached Miss Masserene from the terrace, and then upon his retreating footsteps silence followed again.

Mrs. Burney was doubtless asleep in her wainscoted room, or such levity on the part of her housemaid would not have passed unnoticed.

Ninon passed noiselessly along the hall, ascended a short staircase, and at the end of a dim lofty corridor the open windows of which looked out on greenness, on waving tree-tops, and ivy-grown walls, she found herself in the great picture-gallery, with its polished floor, and hollow echoes reverberating as she walked.

The stately ancestral Beaufoys in their golden frames seemed to look at the beautiful pale girl as she entered.

Fierce soldiers of the Commonwealth, cuirassiers in breastplate and doublet and flowing locks, splendid gentlemen in powdered wigs and brocaded court-suits, smiling beauties in ruff and farthingale, in powder and patches, in short-waisted gowns and turbans—they all had a strong family look, with their clear-cut features and high-bred hands.

"Good day ladies and gentlemen!" said the girl aloud.

Her voice echoed strangely through the empty room.

She went across the gallery to her picture.

The sarcastic smiling mouth, the melancholy brown eyes of Denis Beaufoy seemed to constrain her as usual, and then to look away as she approached to beautiful Mistress Gillian with the striped carnation in her piled-up hair.

"She died so young!" Ninon mused.

"There is the date of her birth and her death in a corner of the frame.

"From 1723 to 1742—only nineteen years.

"Then she was obliged to go and to leave her beauty and the flowers and her lovers behind her."

At one end of the gallery lay the door of the state drawing-room; and, passing through this and one or two others beyond, Ninon arrived at her favorite resting-place, the music-room.

This room was full of a cool sweet twilight, in which the polished floors, old stained windows, and Venetian mirrors faintly glimmered.

Ninon drew a long breath as she sank down in a great ebony chair, above the carved armorial bearings of which, as well as above the black-carved chimney-piece appeared in quaint letters the Beaufoy motto, "Fall Not!"

"Now I can live for an hour or two," she thought, "even though it makes it harder than ever to go back to that other hideous travesty of existence.

"It is a relief, even for an hour, to walk about in large rooms and corridors, and to look at beautiful things, and to have the sweet scent of jasmine in one's nostrils, instead of the smell of cooking and ironing."

She felt contentedly that she was safe from interruption; and she liked to be alone at such times.

Even little Tiff's beloved presence was sufficient to put her dreams to flight.

She flung down her hat, and standing up, walked straight over to a long glass in a rococo frame from which the gilding was nearly worn away.

There was light enough to see herself by, and it was such a treat to have that enormous full-length mirror in which to regard herself.

Ninon looked at herself long and steadily, and then she broke into a bitter little laugh.

"I congratulate you, Miss Masserene," she said, sweeping a sarcastic curtsey to the lovely image in the old mirror—"I congratulate you on the utter failure you have made of your life!

"You might have been Lady Davenant, and had a house of your own like this, where your mother lived.

"You are going to be—some day—Heaven knows when!—Mrs. Richard Strong, and live upon cold mutton for the rest of your days!"

It was a year since Ninon had come back to Marybridge with poor Dick's ring on her finger, and in her heart—her heart of only twenty years—a sickening disgust of herself, her life, her engagement, and her wasted possibilities of happiness.

In all that year she had heard no word from Lady Ingram, whom she believed to be abroad, nor for any one who might have acted as a link between the dull, monotonous, almost unbearable present and the brilliant regretted past.

Charles St. Leonards, she had read one day in a newspaper, was gone to America on a professional tour.

Sir Robert Davenant had married a plain little girl who had come out at the same time as Ninon herself.

Ernest Savage was writing impassioned sonnets in the society papers to some one whose eyes were brown, and not blue.

And Dick was still away.

There were long intervals between his letters to her.

But of course, when she had committed her supreme act of folly, she had known that this must be so, that all thought of marriage must be out of the question, probably for years.

How could he take his wife with him on such long and dangerous journeys?

How could she have borne roughing it, as he, poor fellow, was obliged to do?

No; her engagement was hardly worth thinking of, except as a tie that held her back from any hope of change.

It was the ring on her finger, a few letters, a long and hopeless suspense—and nothing more.

From time to time Mrs. Strong and Mary wrote to her with all the old kindness.

They had invited her to stay at the cottage more than once.

Ninon was not permitted to accept even this slight hope of escape from the dreariness that oppressed her.

Ever since the night of her return to Marybridge, her step-mother had displayed towards her quite a new harshness, and had given her to understand that, since she chose to slight all the opportunities that had been given her for establishing herself properly in life, she, Mrs. Masserene, would trouble her head about her no longer, but would leave her to find a husband for herself.

Ninon listened, pale and haughty, to this harangue, and then she explained to her step-mother that, incomprehensible as it might appear to her, there were girls in the world to whom such a discovery was not of paramount importance.

Mrs. Masserene retorted that she wanted none of her fine-lady sneers and dictionary words, and added that she was beginning to be tired of supporting her in idleness.

"The next man that offers," declared Gerald Masserene's widow angrily, "if he has but enough to keep you, you'll accept him or I will know the reason why!

"And, if it is Miss Tiffany that stands in the way, I will soon settle that.

"I will send her out as a shop-girl—see if I don't, to teach you to demean your family as you have been doing, and to fly in the face of Providence by setting Lady Ingram's back up, so that she won't do anything more for you!"

"You will please yourself, of course," Ninon had answered icily.

"But the day that Tiffany goes out as a shop-girl I will take a situation as a housemaid."

"And a good thing too!" declared Mrs. Masserene.

This was always her final retort.

But, in spite of her threats, it was plain that she did not even yet despair of obtaining social promotion through the influence of her step-daughter's beautiful face.

Since the widow's establishment at Laurel Lodge, a dull little house on the outskirts of a dull little village, she had contrived, by her energetic dissemination of the fact of her connection with the Beaufoy family, to inspire the tradespeople whom she already employed with considerable respect; and she already felt justified—the Boulogne boarding-house being a thing of the past—in looking down with civility upon her immediate neighbors in Marybridge.

But she had also formed an intimacy with one or two people who approached more nearly to her ideas of the genteel—with the surgeon's wife, with the retired brewer, who occupied the largest house and was quite the most important person for some miles around.

Ninon had at one time suspected, with a shudder, that her father's widow had made up her mind to marry Mr. Melladew, who was a widower and without family, and who had shown a great many attentions to the family at Laurel Lodge; but she had begun lately to think, not without uneasy forebodings of another storm, that Mr. Melladew had other views, and that she herself was the object of matrimonial ambition.

Only one evening before she had received an angry lecture from her step-mother on her behavior towards the wealthy brewer, and had been informed in plain terms that beggars must not be choosers, and that she might consider herself lucky to get such a catch, though it would be well if her high-ty-tighty ways did not frighten Mr. Melladew off.

"He may not be equal to the Beaufoy's," declared Mrs. Masserene, with scathing sarcasm, "or to your fine Lady Ingrams, who treats people as if they were the dirt under their feet, though it is well known they are over head and ears in debt.

"At any rate, he keeps his carriage and his six servants, and I warrant I'll have him respected when he come to this house, where none of you stuck-up relations condescended to pay us a visit.

"So mind you that, Miss Ninon Masserene!"

The scene came back now to the girl's mind as she stood looking at her beautiful image in the glass.

"My luck again!" she said, nodding to the pale unsmiling face that nodded back at her.

"To be sure, Mr. Melladew is fat and vulgar and fifty-five; but then 'he keeps his carriage and his six servants'—and I cannot accept them or him—it is quite the same thing!

"'His carriage and his six servants'

"My poor dear old Dick"—with a faint smile she looked down at her ring—"you will never know how much you have cost me!"

The bitterest drop in her cup was, after all, that she had done poor little Tiffany more harm than good by her companionship this last time.

Even the desultory studies they had contrived to get through together before she had gone to London were now forbidden by Mrs. Masserene.

Tiffany was wanted in the house.

Since Ninon was lost to all sense of respect and family pride as to prefer living on her people at home to being kept by Lady Ingram, they would have henceforth to do with one servant as they had done in Avranches.

And Tiffany must help in the housework.

That was all she was fit for.

As for Ninon, it was evident that, pending Mr. Melladew's proposal, her step-mother would not insist upon any measures that might interfere with her chance of settling in life.

So that it was by stealth only that the girl contrived to lighten the burden on the little sister's shoulders.

But meanwhile Tiff was seventeen, and was growing taller and losing her childish ugliness.

Yet she was as ignorant almost as Sarah the housemaid.

She did not trouble her curly red head much over the fact.

"I don't think I could everlearn things out of books," she assured her sister consolingly.

"I should like to have been taught to play the violin well.

"I should like to have played in public like the woman Dick took us to hear in London.

"I don't think I care much about anything else."

"That is what it has all ended in!" went on Ninon, as she still stood immovable before the old rococo mirror in the music-room.

Her thoughts went back to the evening of Lady Ingram's arrival.

She had not been surprised.

When people ardently desire a thing, do they not mostly compel it to happen by sheer force of will?

Only few people care enough for anything to be able to shape their destiny by such an exercise as their determination.

And Ninon at that time, as at all times, most ardently desired that her life should bring her into contact with interesting people, with beauties and artists and poets and musicians, and that she should be surrounded by the ease, the refinement, the possibilities of passion and effect and the unforseen, which wealth, to judge from the few novels she had picked up and secretly read, so often brought in its train.

She was perpetually building castles in the air, in which love and moonshine and fond hearts had much less place than more substantial consideration.

Hearts could not be altogether left out, of course.

"What is it I want?" she had sometimes asked of the Avranches chimney-pots, as she stood at her open casement and little Tiff was fast asleep in her little bed close by.

"Money first of all, because of what it can buy—not in the least for its own sake, but because it could give me a house of my own, like those I read about in books—a house absolutely faultless in every detail, and furnished sufficiently in accordance with modern art-tenets, yet with a certain individuality of its own; perfectly-trained servant; flowers in profusion; carriages; horses; and dress.

"Oh, dress above all!

"Not as a vulgar means of display, but as an art—a fine art, in which I should reign supreme in my world."

Ninon drew a long breath now, as she recalled these old vague dreams, and clasped her hands together.

"Women poorer than you," she said, still looking straight before her at the beautiful pale face in the mirror, "have achieved all this, one with one gift, one with another.

"When Christine Nilsson was fiddling at a Swedish fair, bare-footed and hungry, did she dream of the day when all Paris should hang upon her lips, when the Russian students should fling themselves beneath her feet, that she might walk over their bodies from the door of the Opera-house to her carriage?

"She had her voice, and you"—the girl shook her head in a slow reproach at the pale girl in the glass—"you had your face; and the stage you could have trod, if you had chosen, was the stage of the great world.

"What have you done with you gift?"

To be a great lady, to live among beautiful surroundings, to wear exquisite clothes, to dance and sing and break hearts, and to be always happy—other girls besides Ninon perhaps have had vague longings after the same not too lofty ideal, though they may have hidden it more carefully from themselves, or called it by a prettier name.

She turned from the glass at last, and went back to her chair, with its quaintly-cut motto of "Fall Not."

"I could have been good and happy in a house like this," she thought, looking about her at the beautiful old jasmine-scented room, "free from the sound of loud voices and vulgar gossip and society of women who set one's teeth on edge.

"There would be troubles even here, as people tell one so wisely.

"Of course; but troubles are easier to bear in the midst of flower-scents, and with well-bred people round one, and with so many things to soften it and make it endurable.

"Poverty—that is the hardest trouble of all; and that is what I have chosen for life.

"My poor old Dick!"

She put her hand into her pocket, and took out a letter.

She had hardly found time yet to read it through, and even now her eyes wandered listlessly from the closely written pages.

It was from Dick, enclosed to her by Mrs. Strong, seeing that she could not receive his letters openly in her step-mother's house.

When presently the door opened, she crushed the letter up in her hand, and cried petulantly:

"Oh, Tiff, how you startled me!

"I wish you would not open the door in that unexpected way."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Masserene," said old Burney's dignified voice. "I had no idea there was any one here.

"And Mr. Beaufoy has arrived to see the house."

CHAPTER XVIII.

NINON stood up hastily, and turned towards the door.

Beside Mrs. Burney's ample figure stood a young man, in a gray traveling-dress—a young man, slender, fair, smiling.

He spoke some words of apology to the young lady, whose face he could hardly see in the dim jasmine-scented twilight of the old music-room, and then carelessly turned and took a survey of the apartment.

Ninon felt her heart begin to beat; but she did not know why.

It was so long since she had seen any one from that world to which Mr. Beaufoy so unmistakably belonged.

She was curiously moved by the refinement of his accent, the fashionable cut of his garments, his manner of carrying his head, and his hands.

Mrs. Burney, for her part, was explaining, with some haste, Miss Masserene's relationship to the family; and, as she spoke, she crossed to the window nearest to her and drew up the blind.

A stream of sunlight poured in, dissipating the dusky shadows in which Ninon had been sitting, and revealing to the young man, who still stood at the door, the sweet face at which so few men could look unmoved.

As Ninon advanced a step, acknowledging this odd introduction to her cousin, her smile, her dazzling eyes, the splendor of her ripe beauty, had the same effect upon Mr. Beaufoy as they had upon poor Dick Strong at the door of the Hotel Poulard.

The sight of the girl in her blue linen gown almost took away his breath.

He advanced eagerly, holding out his hand and bowing.

"Can it be possible, really, that we are cousins?" he said, as Dick too had said before him.

"Miss Masserene—or may I say Ninon?—Lady Ingram has often written to us about you; but, do forgive me, I was not prepared for so much loveliness!

"I feel more than ever that the Priory is the enchanted palace of which it reminded me as I entered the gates, and that I have been so audacious, in entering this room, as to wake the sleeping beauty from her happy dreams."

"But my dreams were all of some one who should wake me into life again," said Ninon, placing her hand in his, and meeting his dazzled gaze.

"We only vegetate in Marybridge, you know, and princes have hitherto passed the palace by.

"It is time, indeed, that you should visit your kingdom."

She was quite at her ease now again, the first surprise having subsided.

Mr. Beaufoy looked and looked, wondering at the fate which had buried this brilliant young creature in such a place, admiring her simple grace of manner, appreciating the half-dormant coquetry that answered so quickly and modestly to his challenge.

Good old Burney was drawing up blind after blind and properly arranging the disordered chairs.

Ninon stood revealed, tall and white as a lily in the full glare of the afternoon sun, which was also showing her this new cousin and his little air of adoration as he talked and looked.

She did not know why; but, in spite of his good looks, and of his high-bred air, Ninon was conscious of a sharp pang of disappointment.

So that was Brian Beaufoy!

Well, she had thought of him, somehow, as the very opposite of that debonair blond young man with the slender hands and feet; but, after all, what did it, what could it, matter to her?

"You will like to go over the house, of course," she said then.

"Pray don't let me detain you; it is time for me to be going home."

But the young man pleaded very humbly that, if she was not too tired, he would be charmed to have his cousin's society during the tour of inspection.

"With Mrs. Burney to play propriety, and with the knowledge of our relationship to support us, I think you may venture to be so good, Miss Masserene," he said, with a smile.

And Ninon consented.

"Have you come to take possession of the Priory?" she asked, as they walked down the state drawing-room side by side, followed by the housekeeper. "Are you tired of living abroad?"

"No; I can hardly say that.

"We know so little about England," he said.

"But I have come to look at the old place, and to send a personal report of it to Florrie, who has taken a sudden freak into her head and chooses to think herself tired of Trouville and Dieppe."

"Oh, is your sister coming here? Does she mean to stay any time? Do you think she will like it?"

"Ah, that I can hardly say," declared the young fellow, laughing.

"It is so very hard to answer for Florrie.

"I don't think she could be happy for long away from her beloved Paris. Still we can but hope for the best.

"I confess I was not prepossessed myself when I arrived to-day, but now I am of the opinion decidedly"—he gave another little bow to his beautiful cousin—"that one owes a duty to one's country, and that a property which has been in our family for so many generations should not be allowed to languish any longer in the absence of its master."

"I am entirely of your opinion," declared Ninon, smiling.

"And I think you ought to do your very best to persuade Madame du Mottay to come over, if only for a few months; and your brother, too."

Mrs. Burney interposed here respectfully with a little lecture on the drawing-room and all it contained.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TENKIVEL; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ST. EGLON,"

ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER L.

ON a high plateau, whence the eye swept over a vast range of sea and land, a man stood, with a field-glass in his hand.

He adjusted it, and gazed through it on certain moving specks toiling up the ascent far, far below him.

These moving specks were Sicilian soldiers.

Again he adjusted the glass and waited till a turn in the winding road brought these distant figures facing him.

The sun, with steady cloudless light, fell softly on them without glare, the morning being too young for brightness: this helped the powers of the glass.

The man when he looked through it again could recognise faces that he knew. He saw Lord Soulis, and his lip moved with a scornful smile.

Again a twist of the glass, and he recognised Gregory Blake; then a scowl of rage distorted his handsome face, and he shut up the glass suddenly and looked at his watch.

"There is just time," he muttered.

He turned to descend from the plateau in haste, but stopped with a start, for coming across the face of the mountain, following a path so dangerous that here and there death lay lurking at his feet, was a solitary figure.

Once more Delgado swung the glass upwards and adjusted it.

When he dropped it, his face wore the white look of hatred that Lord Soulis had seen upon it when he watched Lord Enderby in the crowd at the theatre door.

"He is making his way to the Pass of the Needles.

"He means to surrender himself again a prisoner," said Delgado, tightening his lips as with a firm hand, he closed the glass. "He may accomplish that mad and daring feat, but he will arrive too late."

His face grew whiter still, but the hatred and jealousy within his veins raged like a fire, and lent strength to the fierce swiftness of his limping walk, as he regained the mountain-path and disappeared behind a jutting crag.

* * * * * *

There was silence in the glen of the Needles.

No voice, no footfall, no shadow fell within its rocky walls.

A hush of breathless expectation hung over its sultry dimly-lighted air; vultures on heavy wing slowly sailed over it, faint stars in its narrow strip of sky slowly faded out of it and vanished.

The sun, that touched the peaks with glory, would not pierce its depths; only a pale light, hovering on thin wings of darkness, rested above it, as though unwilling to descend and chase the shades of night away.

Thus the dawn waited, resting on her gray vapory shadows, streaking the topmost rocks with a dim light and leaving the depths of the ravine to gloom and silence.

Gradually the light overspread the sky; slowly the darkness waned and fled into caverns and clefts of the rock.

It was with Molly and Grace still.

Only a narrow strip of gray, which was neither light nor darkness, entered their prison and crept wistfully along the rocky floor to their feet.

But beyond Our Lady's Needles, where the huge rocks and ridges of the mountain faced the east, daylight was fully come, yet with it no song of birds, no sounds of life.

Here, as in the ravine, the air was filled with the watchful, brooding, terrible silence of creatures expecting a prey or men awaiting a battle.

A sudden cry broke the stillness, springing into the silence like the growl of a wild beast in a desert place.

Evil tidings had dropped among the watchers only by the lifting of a hand, only by the pointing of a finger.

A stealthy footfall had crept upon them; a panting, breathless, haggard man, ghastly pale, stood in their midst.

He pointed downwards, then spoke in a piercing whisper.

"Friends, the soldiers are on you!

"You have been betrayed and sold into the hands of your enemies by the young Englishman whom you sent for the ransom!"

A yell of fury stayed his speech; but again he lifted his hand, and again the band held in their rage to listen.

"The ransom will not be paid."

As these words issued from Delgado's white lips, the brigands started to their feet like one man, and the horrible sheen of weapons glittered in the sun.

"The prisoner's friends intend to cheat you of the ransom; they think to rescue him with a strong arm.

"But you are men of honor, men of your word; they will not find him living.

"There is no time for parley; even now the echo of the soldiers' tread breaks upon your ears.

"Hasten your work; then escape for your lives!"

There was neither yell, nor cry, nor groan in answer to these words, but each gazed silently into his comrades' cruel faces; then came the rush and tramp of many feet, and, after this, the shout of maddened men.

"Come forth, English traitor, and die!"

"Stand back, Molly," said Grace; and, with a quiet touch, a quiet gesture of the hand, she placed her within the inner cave.

Then she walked to the entrance of the outer cavern and stood there, with the morning light shining on her face.

The brigands beheld her with amazement; but some were mad with fear, and some with fury, and all were burning with disappointed greed; many too had already drawn the triggers of their rifles, and could not hold back from murder if they would; and they were not men to feel compassion or be touched by compunction.

The frenzy of slaughter was on them; fear and the fever of flight were coursing through their blood.

Their prisoner had escaped; they were cheated of the ransom, and the soldiers were on them.

Revenge alone was in their power.

On whom could it fall but on Grace?

Did Delgado know she was here, or was he also amazed?

Or, perchance, at sight of her sweet face he repented, for, with a great cry, he sprang upon the man nearest to him and wrenched the weapon from his hand.

In vain!

The crack of rifles had rung through the air, and the victim of his love, his hate, and his jealousy was out of the reach of his cruel hand for ever.

One of the fairest, sweetest, gentlest among women had yielded up her pure spirit in love, dying for another, joyfully giving her life for his.

In the world's history, here and there rarely, a gleam of divine light falls upon the page glorifying the name and the love of one, perchance poor and obscure, who has done such a deed as this, a mother who has died for her son, a wife who has taken her husband's place in prison, a friend closer than a brother whose heart has caught the sword-thrust meant for another.

Among these shall be shrined the memory of Grace Lanyon.

This was her dearest name, the one she loved best.

Let her be remembered by this, not by the prouder, higher name of Grazia di Valdivia, which she bore only in sorrow and in death.

* * * * * *

Rolling down the mountain sides through the morning mists came the echo of that sad firing, and those who heard it felt a weight of lead upon the heart.

The soldiers pressed onwards through the rocky passes in the haste of men on whose steps a dear life hangs.

Lord Soulis's young face was pale, set, and rigid; his nerves seemed strung with iron.

In twenty minutes from the time the sound of the guns had reached him, he entered the pass of the Needles, to find it empty and deserted, save for the sad figure of poor Molly, who sat on the grass, dazed and bewildered, gazing down on the dead face of Grace Lanyon.

Lord Soulis stood looking on the sad sight too amazed, too grief-stricken even to speak: Gregory was beside him, very pale; beads of sweat stood on his brow; he gave one look at Grace, then turned away, not uttering a word.

And now Lord Soulis knelt and kissed her brow; his kind young eyes were full of tears, his lips trembled.

"Grace, Grace," he whispered, "I loved you too.

"I feel I have deceived poor Enderby. I stood by him for your sake more than for his own.

"I thought to win from you a grateful smile, a word of thanks.

"And for these I would have risked my life ten times."

"Soulis, Soulis," said his father, laying a pitying hand upon his shoulder, "rouse yourself, lad!

"Where is Enderby?

"Have they killed him?

"Have they hidden him?

"We must search for him instantly.

"Good Heaven, is this Enderby coming towards us?

"Stop him, some one!

"Stop him, for pity's sake!

"He must not see this sight!"

Pale and haggard, Lord Enderby came towards them; they stood between him and Grace.

He did not see they were his friends.

"I yield myself a prisoner!" he cried. "Traitors, where is she?"

"There!" answered a voice.

And standing above them, high among the rocks, was the figure of Delgado, with hand pointing downwards.

His handsome face, full of dreadful misery, was seen for just a moment; then it vanished.

Some of the soldiers levelled their muskets at him, and others rushed away in pursuit, but he was seen no more.

Within the dark ravine there reigned an awful silence—the silence of a grief that has nor tears nor words.

Pen cannot touch it; language cannot tell it.

* * * * * *

The fragments of a torn letter were found in Grace's cell at the convent.

It was from Delgado.

Placed together, it read thus—

"I have offered to save him on the condition that you become my wife. You refuse to purchase his life on these terms, and you propose instead to take the veil. I refuse that offer in my turn.

"Convent walls can be scaled, a nun can be absolved from her vows. Scarred, tamed, disfigured, scorned as I am, do you think I will help him to live to become one day your husband?

"I answer 'No!' Either you or he must die.

"This is my ultimatum. And I grow reckless and mad, and care little whether it be you who lay down your life, or he, to give peace to that miserable wretch who is at heart,

"Your slave, "PIETRO DELGADO.

"You plead the order I have received from Paris.

"I take no heed of it.

"I answer, it is not in my power to rescue a man from the hands of brigands.

"Unless the ransom be paid, he has but another day to live.

"Who can place his death on my head? His blood be on your hands!

"It is you who refuse to save him."

This letter was the only solution of the mystery of Grace's death that was ever found.

Did Delgado betray her and bribe the brigands to displace the bridge, or did she herself agree with them that this should be done?

None ever know.

The robbers kept their own counsel for their own sakes.

Had their comrades guessed that they connived at Lord Enderby's escape, it would have fared ill with them.

That Delgado gave Grace the written pass was certain.

But did he mean it to be used by him or by Grace herself?

The Duke di Valdivia, who greatly feared and loathed the man, ever believed that he permitted Grace an interview with her lover in the full intention of entrapping her to her death—that he did it, knowing full well her generous love would take upon itself this sacrifice.

Jealousy works like madness in the brain, and in such a vain and cruel nature as Delgado's it was more likely to demand the death of the woman he loved than the man he hated.

He had counted on her consenting to be his wife to save her lover.

Foiled in this, his last hope, but one resource—to kill her and avenge his hate and appease his jealousy in one fell blow.

He hid in the fastness of the rocks for a day or two; then, fleeing down the mountain haunted by his own despair, he passed two peasants, who gazed at him in wonder.

"What has happened to that man?" asked one of them.

"I swear he is the man who killed our nightingale," answered the other.

"She had more music in her throat than there is in a thousand nightingales," said his companion.

"I heard her sing at the Duke's Chapel.

"Let us go to the police, and say we have seen him."

But the police never found Pietro Delgado.

* * * * * *

A month after Grace's death, a man presented himself at the office of a high official at St. Petersburg and prayed for an interview, on the plea of having important news to reveal.

He was admitted, after having been carefully searched for concealed weapons.

He possessed none.

What he had to say was a political secret, a Nihilist message and threat: it need not be told here.

At a slight signal, the door opened, and the police entered.

"Arrest that man!" said the official, glad to have a noted Nihilist put himself thus into his hands.

"Stand back!" said the prisoner.

"Let no one touch me: it would be perilous.

"I volunteered for this service.

"I yield my life up in it willingly; and there are a thousand in our ranks as willing to die as I am."

The one enthusiasm of his cruel life lighted his face with a smile.

Again the police stepped forward; but he waved them back with a look of warning.

He had taken a small watch from his pocket; he held it to his ear; a tiny sound was heard, like the click of a spring, then, as a cloud of smoke arose, a sharp explosion, and the Nihilist messenger fell dead.

That man was Pietro Delgado.

CHAPTER LI.

LIFE dries up, the heart dissembles its grief or hides it.

Men bury their dead hopes with bitter tears, and feign to forget them with smiles more bitter still.

The love that was not given to us, the home that was not to be ours, we must thrust out of our thoughts, and accept with humble hearts the love that is at our side, the home that comforts our pain.

Two years have passed away since Grace laid down her life; and her lover has remembered her words—"For my sake, love ever those who love you."

One love had stood by him for years—hopeless, painless years to her, yet no word of complaint had passed her lips.

No wild and weak tears, no selfish sorrow, had ever marred to him the comfort of her true friendship.

In his deep grief, who could console him by sweet talk of Grace as Anne did?

Who could sympathize with his sorrow?

Who could understand and soothe it as the gentle tender woman who loved Grace also, and knew to its very depth the riches of her great true heart?

How often those two together talked of Grace who shall say?

Again and again Lord Enderby recalled every loving word she had spoken in that last night of her lovely life.

Then he saw she had never spoken of herself as his wife, and he understood her wish.

He told it to Anne, and she put her hand in his, and those two were man and wife.

And this wish of Grace's was not forgotten.

Anne was also a comforter and a daughter to the Duke di Valdivia while he lived.

* * * * * *

Gregory Blake returned home a sadder man, yet ripe for better things than he had hitherto lived for.

He looked on his wife and children with more loving eyes, with a more thankful mind; stirrings of thought moved him, and dim visions of light that once had never touched his soul came to him slowly, making him a changed man.

Mrs. Blake was rich now through her sister's legacy; and one day her husband said:

"Harrie, I want to give a life-boat to Penalum.

"I should like to let some of that money go in saving folks from drowning.

"It is what she would like done with it, I know."

Tears sprang into Harrie's eyes; she put her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"I have done much wrong in my life," said Gregory, in a choked voice.

"I shall think of that lifeboat doing good with comfort."

"You did one good thing!" said his wife cheerfully.

"You thrashed Delgado."

Gregory looked at his own big fist with a half-smile.

He began to talk of Grace in that low voice with which he ever spoke of her.

"Harrie, when I saw her lying dead, lovely as an angel, I turned sick, and I couldn't speak.

"And—will you believe it?—it wasn't of her vally I thought, though a good twelve thousand a year had been shot down by those gibberish-speaking brutes, with no more thought than I have in killing a pigeon.

"No, I didn't remember her vally: I only thought that such a love as hers was still living somewhere, and would live for ever, and see them again for whom she died."

"In heaven, Gregory—in the great light which needs no sun."

* * * * * *

Lord Tosslande still lives gaily—still picks up his living in odd places, like a London bird, who does not mind a little dirt being mixed with his daily diet.

Lord Soulis is again in India.

He has seen war and lived through battles since the days when he was a prisoner on a Sicilian mountain; but no excitement, no dramatic incident of his life has ever brought him the fevered beating of the heart he felt then.

He writes often to his sister Anne, and he is godfather to her little daughter Grace.

* * * * * *

It is a summer evening; the stars are in the sky, mingled with the fair clear lines of fading sunset.

There are no lights in the large drawing-room of a London mansion, and the tall windows are open.

Molly sits by one of them, on the floor, embracing her knees, her face turned towards the sky.

"I wish I know which star was heaven!" she says quietly.

"I think I should see her then somewhere among the shining ones."

"Hush, Molly!" Lady Enderby says, in a low voice.

But Lord Enderby has heard her, and he comes over to the window and lays his hand upon her head.

"It does not hurt me, Anne.

"Let poor Molly talk."

At this moment a poor woman comes into the square, singing, in a small but sweet voice.

The music is Grace's—it is the wild air that met him in the hall of Caermorran when he returned from the sea—it is the song of the victim who loves and dies.

Through the open window the woman's plaintive voice rang with the words:

"'Her mirth the world required:
She bathed it with smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired—tired,
And now they let her be.

"'Her life was turning—turning,
In mazes of heat and sound;
But for peace her soul was yearning.
And now peace laps her round.'"

Lady Enderby looked anxiously at her husband.

He had thrown himself into a chair, and slowly, slowly his head fell forward on his hands.

She went forward gently and closed the window; the voice passed on in the dim distance.

She was too wise to ring for lights.

She sat down at the piano and played the music that Grace had given her—"The Song of the Sea."

It awoke other, sweeter memories than the thought of her death.

Once, early in those dreadful days, Lord Enderby had said, "Grace could never have been so cruel as to die for me."

Mindful of these words, Anne had never told him of Delgado's letter, found at the convent.

It remained a secret between her and her brother.

For the same reason she never talked to him of that time, but always of the sweet, quiet days at Caermorran, when Grace was his Red Riding-hood, and the grandmother raised a smile or a jest between them.

The music she played brought back softly the old sweet visions—the Cornish sea like a green field rippling with snow-flakes, the garden and its shadows and its sunshine, and the face of his child smiling by the face of his love.

Softly as Lady Enderby had begun to play, she finished.

"I promised her I would play her music to you in the starlight," she said.

And coming over to her husband, she smoothed his forehead gently with her hand and said not a word more.

She stooped and whispered to Molly, who rose with a wide smile, and left the room.

She returned soon, but old Prue was with her.

She had a tiny child in her arms, whose soft little hand was patting her wrinkled cheek.

Prue's face was puckered with smiles.

"Alan," said Lady Enderby gently, "here is little Grace come to say good-night."

Lord Enderby kissed the child, and the shadow passed from his face.

[THE END.]

The New and Old.

BY O. H. S.

NEW tubs, is it?

"Well, Mister Carpenter, no doubt they'll be a dale nater than the ould ones, but they'll never be the same to me. Am I attached to the ould tubs?

"Why, sure, if you'll believe it, I've the best of reasons for bein' attached to them, for they saved my loife, indade they did, as I'm a living sinner.

"Master and missus, as you must know, are well-off people, with lashings of silver and the loike of that, and at the time I'm spaking of they kept them same in the house.

"They had no more fear of being robbed than I have at this minute, and they just turned a bit of a pantry key on them at night, and thought of no danger at all, at all.

And no more did I, until the day came whin there was a grand party at my missus's daughter's, and she and he went off to it together.

"'We mightn't be home to-night, Biddy,' says he; 'but you'd not feel afraid of staying in the house along with Nora?'

"'And why should I, ma'am?' says I. Lord help us, how little we know of what's comin'! 'Why should I, ma'am?' says I. 'There's no ghosts in it, I'm sartin.'

"And off they went together, him and her, and Master Alfred; and about nine o'clock Nora and me fastened the doors, and went to bed.

"Now, I've a corn that hurts me wonderfully because it's on the joint of my toe, and nothing aises it but soaking it in soda-water.

"So, after I'd been in bed an hour or more, that corn began to burn and smart to that degray I was wild, and I thought to myself I'd go down into the kitchen, and soak my feet well, and pray the saints to better it.

"So, not to wake Nora, I slipped out as aisy as silk, and down the stairs, and never lightning a light, for it was as bright as day with the moon.

"I just let the water run in the tubs, and stepping on a chair, sat on the wan of 'em wid me feet in the other, and let the warm water run, and I was getting a dale of comfort, when, all in a sudden, I heard a noise that made the blood in me veins run cowld.

"It was steps and the jingling of silver in the dining-room, and somebody coming through the passage-way to the kitchen.

"I'm a little woman, by the grace of Heaven, and I can slip in most anywhere, and it came into me mind that thin was the time to slip, and down I went into the tub, letting the cover down over me, with just my finger in the crack to get a peep, and sure if I didn't see enough to satisfy me. Two men—bad luck to them!—wid crape over their faces, and pistols in their hands.

"'I told you there was no one here, Jim,' says one.

"And I knew his voice, and the hands of him, with a crooked finger on one—a man that had been pretending to want work of the master.

"'I heard something,' says he, 'and I'll look about me.'

"Then he poked around, paping over and into everything.

"'The family is out,' said he, 'but that Bridget might be here, or the other girl, Nora.'

"'They'd better stay there,' says the other 'for I'd think nothing of silencing the two. This is a good haul, Jack—solid stuff.'

"I'd as soon put a bullet through a screeching woman as not," said the other. "See here—here's a pocket book."

"It was mine, with little in it, but I didn't mind me money at that minute.

"They took it out and counted it, and divided it, and they seemed in no hurry to go, the villains.

"The silver is in the bags," I heard them say.

"Maybe there's clothes in the tub," says the one; and he lifted the lid of the one next to me.

"My heart gave a great flop, and I gave myself up for gone.

"You'd be an idiot to take the wet clothes along with you," said the other.

"Here, while we're waiting for the chance to go, let's have a bite.

"Here's a good leg of mutton and some bread."

"The impudence iv the thaves!

"But sure the next minute I'd just lifted me head to pape again, when crack came the lid on it, and I knew the craythers were sitting on the tubs, taking their supper.

"I was nearly dead with the blow, and I'd have smothered but for a hole in the lid that was there.

"And I lay still, doubled up like a frog, and heard them chew.

"And whither it was the fright or the closeness, I don't know, but I fainted away dead that minute.

"When it was daylight, Nora waked and missed me, and dressed and came down stairs.

"The minute she saw what had happened she rushed out to the street shrieking for help, and in came the police and neighbors and sure they said I was in the robbery, and had let the thaves in, and me lying unknownst in the tub useless.

"They sent Nora for master and missus, and nobody had the sense to look for me, until missus, Heaven bless her, says, says she, "I'd trust Biddy with untould gold. Sure they've killed her.

"Look the house through."

"And then she turned so faint that master run to the tub for water, and lifting the lid, sure there was I, with a broken head, and no knowledge in it.

"And the wonder is I didn't get carried to the dead-house and identified for somebody else, the way it happened to my cousin Samuel that came back from a bit of a journey to find them waking him, being took for his own ghost.

"They took me out, and sure getting me straight was a hard job, Nora said, I'd been doubled up that long, but I came to at last; and it was owin' to my seein' them, and being able to swear who wan of thim was that master and missus got back the silver, and the thaves were sent to jail.

"I wish you'd poked your ugly head out of that tub Miss Bridget," says one of them in the coort.

"But, bless the tubs, I didn't," says I, "and here I am to confound ye."

"Yes, Mr. Carpenter; now you've got the whole story, and make the new tubs if you like; but give me a bit of the ould ones to remember thim by, 'av ye plaze."

WATER-PROOF BRICKS.—Water-proofing for bricks is a process which has been brought forward with various claims of superior adaptation as compared with ordinary bricks, and these claims have lately been subjected to investigations of a practical nature. In order to ascertain what amount of water the bricks would absorb in their natural condition, two bricks of the same kind as those which were treated with the water-proofing were immersed in water, and at the end of an hour one brick had already absorbed nine and seven-tenths per cent. of its weight of water, and the other ten per cent.; this was all that the bricks would absorb, as their weight did not increase after several hours' immersion. To ascertain the effect of freezing on the saturated bricks, one of them was exposed, for a few hours, to a temperature somewhat below the freezing point of water, and the freezing of the water in the bricks burst a piece of some three or four square inches in area, and about one-half an inch thick at its thickest part, out of one face of the brick.

If we could see others as we see ourselves, there would be more good-looking people in the world.

SNAKE-CHARMERS.

THAT the snake-charmers of antiquity possessed a secret mode of fascinating serpents which has passed down to their successors of the present day, both in Egypt and India, there seems to be no reasonable doubt.

Certain authorities declare that the various tricks with serpents performed by the Indian jugglers, however terrible in appearance, are by no means so dangerous as they seem, inasmuch as the jugglers always take the precaution to deprive the snakes of their fangs and the poison glands which lie beneath the tooth in which the venom is contained.

It is certain, however, that the fangs and poison vessels are not always removed, and that in some manner whether by the influence of music or otherwise, the Indian jugglers have the power of attracting the venomous serpents which swarm in the hot climates of the East.

The snakes usually selected by the musicians, whose profession it is to exhibit their powers over these reptiles, are of the species known in Europe known by the name of cobra di capelli, or "hooded snake," the most deadly of the serpent brood.

They are carried about in baskets, and the exhibitors, like little Savoyards with hand-organs and monkey, earn a subsistence by their performances.

They play a few simple notes on the flute with which the reptiles appear to be delighted. As the music proceeds they keep time by a graceful motion of the head, rising in coils from the ground, and following the notes they love with gentle waves, like the undulations of a swan's neck. With the cessation of the music they relapse into a sort of a lethargy, and appear motionless, but must immediately be covered up in a basket to prevent their springing on the spectators.

The same musicians who exhibit these performances likewise charm all kinds of serpents, even the huge boa constrictor, from houses and gardens where they lay in wait to spring upon the inmates.

The Hindoo juggler performs various tricks with serpents.

Being invited to come to your house and give an exhibition of his skill, he produces a bag, which he first permits you to examine, and then throws apparently empty upon the floor.

He mutters some mysterious words and charms, with various gesticulations, when the bag begins to be agitated from within, and after a few upheavals of the sackcloth, out crawls a full-grown cobra, five or six feet in length, which, rearing itself up and erecting its hood, looks through its spectacles as much like Satan as possible.

At the bidding of the juggler the snake again returns to the bag, which, after being agitated for a short space, appears again to be empty, and upon examination the snake is found to have disappeared.

In Hindoostan, serpents are regarded as genii, or guardian angels, and are often invoked under the endearing appellations of father, mother, or brother.

The ancients thought there was something divine in these reptiles, and the cobra makes a conspicuous appearance in Hindoo temples.

A small amount of prussic acid injected into the jugular vein, of a horse will cause death, in 10 seconds, while a rabbit will give up the ghost in 5—just the time it takes the blood to pass from the jugular vein to the carotid artery. The effect of a snake bite upon fish has also been tried with effect. The only methods known of counteracting the effects of a snake bite are by ligature and cauterization, assisted by alcohol to sustain the vitality and nervous forces. The natives of India have "snake stones" of some porous material, which, being placed upon the wound, are supposed to suck out the poison.

The great enemies of the cobra, krait, and other poisonous serpents in India are the snake-eating cranes and the peacock. The latter will fearlessly swallow a cobra of the largest size, just as the cobra in its turn can swallow whole another monster scarcely less in size than himself, for these fearful animals possess the virtue of preying upon one another.

MATRIMONIAL TRIBULATIONS.—A good deal of matrimonial tribulation was brought to light in the last census returns. Several husbands returned their wives as the heads of the families, and one described himself as an idiot for having married his liberal better half. "Married, and I'm heartily sorry for it," was returned in two cases; and in quite a number of instances "Temper" was entered under the head of infirmities opposite the name of the wife. Confessions of this sort, besides being, as we have already hinted, somewhat indiscreet, are often also decidedly supererogatory, for conjugal dissensions, like murder, will out, and that sometimes in the most provoking and untimely manner. Take an illustration. At a recent fashionable wedding, after the departure of the happy pair, a dear little girl, whose papa and mamma were among the guests, asked, with a child's innocent inquisitiveness: "Why do they throw things at the pretty lady in the carriage?" "For luck, dear," replied one of the bridesmaids. "And why," again asked the child, "doesn't she throw them back?" "Oh," said the young lady, "that would be rude." "No, it wouldn't," persisted the dear little thing, to the delight of her doting parents who stood by, "ma does."

HAVE respect for your neighbor if you have none for yourself.

Scientific and Useful.

BELTS OF STEEL.—A patent recently granted in Vienna and Berlin is for using bands of steel, tempered and hardened, to transmit motion from one pulley to the other, in belting. The faces of the pulleys, according to this arrangement, are turned perfectly flat and then covered with a varnish of rosin, shellac, and asphalt.

PAPER VESSELS.—Laboratory utensils—funnels, capsules, etc.—are now made in Leipsic from papier-mache, and covered with a protecting varnish. They are unaffected by strong acids, including sulphuric acid, or by strong alkalies; and alcohol, ether, benzole, carbon disulphide, and other solvents do not attack the varnish. It is thought they will prove very serviceable, as they do not break like glass, nor melt like gutta-percha, nor oxidize like the common metals.

UNITING LEATHER.—An improved composition for uniting leather and other materials is now manufactured in England by a somewhat singular process. This article, which is called dermatine, is made from a peculiar preparation of the intestines of animals by a specified method worked in Austria, the material being imported by the English manufacturers for the finishing process. Owing to the elasticity characterizing this compound, the joints produced by its use are as pliable as the other parts of the leather belting, while it is stated that the tensile strength of these jointings have been satisfactorily proved to be equal to that of the entire leather. It is melted and applied like glue, and it is being adopted as a substitute for joints made by means of mechanical fastenings.

ELECTRIC WHISTLES.—A French paper says that the Southern Railway Company in that country have attached to their locomotives steam whistles which prevent a train passing a danger-signal in a fog or snow-storm by clearly notifying the engineers of the danger ahead. The whistle is connected with an insulated metallic brush placed beneath the locomotive, the brush sweeps a copper-faced projecting bar placed between the rails. This contact-piece is connected with the positive-pole of a voltaic battery having its negative-pole in communication with a commutator on the signal post, from which a wire leads to the ground. When the signal is "line clear," the passage of the brush over the fixed contact produces no result, but when the signal makes "danger," the commutator brings the negative-pole of the battery in direct communication with the ground, and when the brush passes over the contact, the completion of the electric current causes the whistles to be sounded.

Farm and Garden.

MILK.—It is of the greatest importance that milk should be placed only in vessels that are scrupulously clean, and they need cleaning after milk as much as after anything else.

SOFT SHELL EGGS.—Soft-shell eggs are caused by a deficiency of lime. Oyster shells are composed of carbonate of lime, and serves as "grit" in grinding the food as well as material for forming the shell.

TREES AND SHRUBS.—Trees and shrubs newly planted ought to have the soil dished out about them, or appear as if planted in a large basin of earth. This enables the rain to run toward the stem or trunk of the tree, where moisture is most preferable.

ANIMALS.—Accustom horses to the various expressions of the human voice. Talk to them. Intelligent and sensitive animals enjoy it, and respond as readily to the voice as to the reins or the whip. In cases of accident such training may prevent a runaway and save life.

WINTER WORK.—When the ground becomes frozen, or no other work offers, preparations can always be made for advancing prospective work when it arrives. Bean poles may be made, and if the ends are charred, and then dipped in coal tar, the compound material will be rendered nearly equal to the best cedar.

FRUIT TREES.—In manuring fruit trees, the cherry should receive a lighter application than most other kinds. It is not benefitted by much stable manure, but can be top-dressed with ashes or anything containing potash, almost without stint. All stone fruit, especially those that are acid, need liberal doses of potash.

VEGETABLES.—Vegetables, like grain, seem to pass through a sweating process when placed in a heap, which guides those storing them in large quantities to be careful of the temperature of the cellars and storehouses in which they are kept. They need not only a temperature suitable, but also more or less ventilation in the heap.

FARMING.—The great fault with American farmers is a constant desire for change. The farm is rarely thought of as the home which the children are to occupy during a life-time, and then leave to their heirs. There is too much changing with the crops—first one thing and then another, the result of which is a shifting that is profitless. The general management of a farm should be planned once for all, it only being subject to those changes that an improvement in agricultural methods suggest. The man who is trying to sell his farm, has his heart in some other locality or business, and he who is ready to devote his energies to some new crop or method, is seldom on the highway to success. It is well to try that which is new, but not by giving up the old and well-tried methods.

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SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 13, 1883.

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PURSUITS IN LIFE.

Notwithstanding the constant reminder that "in the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail," the fact nevertheless remains that failure or want of success in life is continually occurring. There are numerous reasons for this, many of which it is within the power of young men to overcome. Some fail simply because they have no fixed purpose. With no particular task marked out for a life pursuit, they are here to-day, and there to-morrow, till, as the years flit by, they realize that they have done nothing.

Every young person should early choose the object he or she would achieve, and then devote every energy to that end. Young people will do well to hearken to the advice of those older and more experienced than themselves in making this choice, but when once made, energy and perseverance will surely give success. A want of perseverance is almost sure to result in failure. When a vocation is once selected, the young man or the young woman must stick to it. If the task is disagreeable, it should be remembered that there is no position in life without its unpleasant surroundings. If one task is dropped to pursue another, it also may be found unsatisfactory.

The young man, for instance, who is at one thing to-day that disappoints him, and at another to-morrow which affords no greater delight—now manufacturing, then farming, to-day reading law, to-morrow studying medicine—sooner or later finds himself "Jack of all trades, and master of none."

Such persons gain no confidence in themselves, and inspire less in others; and in the end have no reputation. It may be set down as an axiom that, having deliberately chosen a line of life, it is ordinarily best to stick to it. To achieve success one must certainly devote himself to his calling with energy.

Young men, too, should learn to have confidence in themselves. Parents should teach their children to think and act for themselves. The young man who has been taught to always cling to his mother's apron-strings is in a poor condition to support himself when he goes out in the world. Although willing, such young men do not know how, and what they do must be under constant direction.

Young people should early learn the responsibilities of life, and then, if they also possess energy, perseverance and good habits, no apprehension need be felt that success will not follow the pursuit of any worthy object.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IT seems that there is no great engineering enterprise undertaken without its corresponding bill of mortality. In the construction of the St. Gothard railway tunnel in Switzerland, 810 workmen were killed, and 877 injured.

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NEAR Winchester, Mass., is a tomb from which the door has rotted away. The small boys of the neighborhood make the deserted place their play-ground. They pile the bones of the four persons buried there in fantastic shapes and knock them down with the grinning skulls.

—

THE Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Georgia are to hold a convention in Atlanta this month to organize into a State body. The call says: "The union has auxiliaries all over the country, and is gaining in interest, in numbers, and in importance every day. Its influence is being felt in every direction, and a reform is begun which, with God's continued help and blessing, will result in great good, if not in the complete downfall of the national sin of intemperance."

—

IT is a melancholy thing that the divine art of music should have been degraded to culinary uses, but that a German, of all nationalities, should have been the first to employ it, is a still deeper humiliation. A Prussian composer has given to the world an "Egg Polka," not named from any fancied resemblance of properties, but for a reason fully explained in the "directions for use," printed on the back of every copy: "Let the polka be placed, open at the first page, upon the pianoforte desk. Then drop the egg into a pipkin half full of boiling water. Set the pipkin on the fire. Then play the polka through in strict time, as per metronome indication. On completing its last bar the egg will be cooked to a turn—that is, its yoke will be fluent, and its white about as yielding to the touch as the flesh of a ripe plum. Those who wish their eggs hard-set, will play the polka *andante maestoso*. The contrary effect will be produced by an *allegro vivace* rendering of the composition."

—

IT is no wonder that the credit of the United States is higher than of any other nation. The history of the wonderful reduction is compressed by *The Financial Chronicle* into these words: "On August 31, 1865, the Government debt was at its highest point. We then owed, less cash in the Treasury, $2,756,000,000. On the 1st of October, 1882, the debt of every description reached only $1,644,120,233, showing that we have reduced our obligations during the seventeen years over one thousand million dollars."

—

A SENSATION has been created in England by the going over to the Church of Rome of Sir Tatton Sykes and his family. Lady Sykes is a daughter of Mr. George Cavendish-Bentinck. Sir Tatton is enormously rich, having a rent roll in the East Riding of Yorkshire alone amounting to some $180,000 a year. The three properties of Lord Hetries, Sir Tatton Sykes and Lord Ripon—all three of whom are now Roman Catholics—constitute a continuous stretch of land sixty-eight miles long, reaching nearly across the finest portion of Yorkshire.

—

IN England, the fitting up of a "floating exhibition" is being proceeded with in earnest, after having been relegated to the region of happy thought. When the vessel is filled up with the necessary goods it will sail to every seaport city in Europe. In time such exhibitions may accommodate themselves to every sea-mart of importance in the world. The programme as originally started was to get the leading manufacturers of England to rent compartments in this "floating palace," send their own salesmen if they so desired, which is, of course, the best thing to do, or paying the proprietors of the vessel a percentage on sales.

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SOME people foolishly think that ventilation means draft—the horror of all humanity. This idea is absurd. The proper way to ventilate a bedroom is to lower about four inches from the top the one or more windows in a room. It is not wise to put them up from the bottom, as the air then comes directly on the sleeper. If, however, there are many windows in the room, and on opposite sides, only two should be lowered, and those two on the same side. In this way all danger of draft is avoided—the bad air rises and passes out, and the pure air comes in and takes its place. To absorb some of the impure air of a sleeping-room, place a broad shallow dish full of water on the mantel, and change the water daily.

—

IF you see a man going about persistently untidy—neglectful of such matters as his boots, his nails, and his linen—you may be certain that sooner or later he will become a sloucher, and that his affairs will always be more or less muddled. Thus, it will be unsatisfactory to have dealings with him, either in his business or domestic capacity. He will be continually forgetting, he will be everlastingly putting off what he ought to do, and ending often by not doing the same at all, or until too late. Thus, it is a perfectly correct and reliable instinct which leads people to judge men by their appearance. We are not advocates of ostentatious splendor, but we would have men remember that they often allow those who really are their inferiors in capacity, to pass them in the race of life, and solely because they are careless and indifferent in the ways which we have indicated.

—

IN 1832 the first friction match was made, and it was jokingly called a lucifer. Lucifers were substantially the same as our present matches, pulled through a piece of sandpaper. The only change since then has been in altering it from a silent to a noisy match, and the invention of the safety fusee, which will ignite only when rubbed upon chemically-prepared paper. The safety match was patented in England in 1856. There is one match making firm in Manchester, England, that makes 9,000,000 matches a day, and there are several firms in London make 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 a day each. From the consumption of matches in France and England it is seen that about 250,000,000,000 are made in those two countries every year. In the United States about 40,000,000,000 a year are made, yielding to the Government a revenue of about $3,500,000. In France, as in this country, there is a tax on matches, and those made there, especially of the cheaper grades, are so bad that the average is said to be about four matches to light one cigarette.

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THE *Bulletin* of the Royal Academy of Medicine of Belgium presents to the world the new method of treating consumption and bronchial affections. The discoverer's attention was first drawn to the ammonial effects on persons inhaling the vapors of carbonate of ammonia from stables. It is surprising that no one has made the observation before, for livery-stable keepers and attendants are usually the most healthy looking of men; and are rarely troubled with respiratory affections. The discoverer first medicated himself, after a bronchial attack, by wearing in a bag attached to the neck of his shirt pieces of ammoniac carbonate, and was cured in a few days. He then introduced it in his practice, and satisfied himself of its remedial efficacy. Going still further, he sprayed the respiratory passages with ammonia, and here, too, he met with surprising success. The remedy is so simple that any druggist can prepare it, and if all that is claimed for it be true, pulmonic disorders will have fewer victims.

—

A FEAT that the law ought to prevent is being performed by a student of a college in this city, whose taste runs to the ghastly. He is having a medicine-chest made out of a human skin. The leather—for leather it is now—was tanned and dressed at a morocco establishment a few days ago. It resembles a fine piece of morocco somewhat, and no one, to look at it, would imagine that it once formed a very important part of a living man. The skin was obtained from the dissecting table, and was probably the largest piece of human hide ever submitted to such a process. It consists of the skin taken from the trunk, the shoulders, part of the arms, and the upper part of the legs, of a negro. The skinning was very neatly performed, all in one piece, and the horrible relic of humanity delivered to the tanners two weeks ago. It was submitted to almost the same treatment as kid, excepting that it was unnecessary to "unhair" it—that is, to scrape the hair from the upper side. After being stained a deep black, and dried, it was ready for use.

—

SPENCER, the English philosopher, said, in a speech before his departure for home: "What I have seen and heard during my stay among you has forced on me the belief that a slow change from habitual inertness to persistent activity has reached an extreme from which there must begin a counter-change—a reaction. Everywhere I have been struck with the number of faces which told in strong lines of the burdens that had to be borne. I have been struck, too, with the large proportion of gray-haired men, and inquiries have brought out the fact that with you the hair commonly begins to turn some ten years earlier than with us. Moreover, in every circle I have met men who had themselves suffered from nervous collapse due to stress of business, or named friends who had either killed themselves by overwork, or had been permanently incapacitated, or had wasted long periods in endeavors to recover health. I do but echo the opinion of all observant persons I have spoken to, that immense injury is being done by this pressure on life, the physique is being undermined. That subtle thinker and poet whom you have lately had to mourn, Emerson, says, in his essays on the gentleman, that the first requisite is that he shall be a good animal. The requisite is a general one—it extends to the man, to the father, to the citizen. We hear a good deal about the "vile body;" and many are encouraged by the phrase to transgress the laws of health. But Nature quietly suppresses those who treat thus disrespectfully one of her highest products, and leaves the world to be peopled by the descendants of those who are not so foolish."

THE REASON WHY.

BY A. E. W.

There is a stile beneath a tree,
It is very dear to me;
The stile gives rest, the tree gives shade,
And there for many an hour I've stayed.

But neither rest nor shade, you see,
Quite gives the spot its charm to me;
Another reason, I must say,
It is that makes me like to stay.

An arm that holds me on the stile,
Frank eyes that look in mine the while.
A voice that murmurs in my ear,
All make the place so very dear.

Oh, pleasant stile! Oh, shady tree!
A cherished thought you are to me:
Oh, faithful arm, frank eyes, fond voice!
You make my inmost heart rejoice.

The Fatal Gorge.

BY P. C. BERRETTA.

THE colonel called Lieutenant Emerson to him.

"Lieutenant, those Apaches were the thieves complained of by old Don Alvares, whose hacienda lies down the Los Mexos, among the spurs of the Sangre de Cristi Mountains.

"The old gentleman will sleep far easier if he knows we have driven the red scoundrels across the range.

"Will you ride over with word of our success to-morrow?

"He has a daughter whose beauty will repay you for the forty mile jaunt, and the don will treat you like a prince.

"I dare not leave camp myself, and he would deem it an honor if one of my officers brought him word of the fight.

"You can have an escort if you wish.

"Will you go?"

"Nothing would give me more pleasure, colonel.

"The lady attracts me.

"But I need no escort; the trail is too plain.

"I'll start to-morrow at daybreak," said the young man.

"Thanks, my boy.

"Stay as you will—a week if need be.

"You have earned a leave.

"But take care of yourself—heart and all.

"The donna's eyes are glorious, but her admirers are jealous."

Emerson laughed.

"I'll be careful, sir.

"Good night."

"Good night."

And so they parted, each to his quarters, and the younger man to dream of something brighter than Indian watch-fires for the morrow.

The Seventeenth were old frontiersmen, and Colonel Miller performed his duty to the government faithfully.

Two days before, after a lively brush, his troops had routed a large body of Apaches a score of miles above camp, and driven them over the range.

The Indians came from the southern country, where they had been committing many depredations, and it was to one of the greatest sufferers at their hands—old Don Alvares, a rich Spaniard—that the colonel desired to send the comforting message announcing this discomfiture.

The morning dawned clear and golden—one of New Mexico's best—and ere the dew had faded from the cactus, Lieutenant Emerson, in fatigue uniform, armed with pistols and sabre, was mounted and miles upon his way along the winding trail towards Hacienda Alvares.

The March sun was warm at noontide, as the lonely traveler paused beneath the shadow of a great rock to rest his horse and smoke a cigarette, but its backward flung rays from the Far West had grown weak and faint, and the dim shadow of on-coming night fell athwart the narrow pathway, ere the white walls of his destination caught the eye of the young lieutenant.

Riding slowly down the broad plateau towards the hacienda, thoughts of rest and supper in his mind, Emerson suddenly started in his saddle, and checking his horse, involuntarily his hand grasped his sabre hilt with a soldier's intuition.

Just before him, and a little to one side of the path, standing apparently helpless from either fatigue or fright, was a half-naked peon child—a dusky-faced girl of a dozen summers—gazing fixedly upon a coiled snake that lay before her, its glistening crest raised and swaying to and fro, while its angry eyes burned into those of the fascinated child.

An instant more, and the venomous reptile would have buried its fangs in the trembling form before it, when flashing through the air like the wings of the plunging hawk, the trooper's sabre fell between girl and snake, and the head of the moccasin flew twenty feet away through the air.

Then Emerson caught the girl to his saddle-bow and rode forward.

For a moment the little waif trembled, speechless as she lay within the strong arms of the soldier; then, with a soft cry, she strove to escape.

They were now close to the gate of the hacienda, and even as the child was dropping to the ground—for the lieutenant instantly released her—a young and beautiful woman appeared, and with a glad cry the little peon sprang towards her.

Emerson reined his horse upon his haunches and raised his cap.

"Pardon, mademoiselle, but the girl was in danger; a moccasin was——"

He was interrupted by the beauty herself, into whose ear the child had poured her story.

"Sir, you need no pardon.

"I thank you in the name of my father, and his most valued servant, Jacque Dumox, for having saved the life of this girl.

"May Heaven bless you, and return to you, a soldier, the kindly act.

"But will you not enter, sir?

"You seem weary, and night is close at hand?"

And so, following the beautiful Guadalupe—for it was she—Lieutenant Emerson entered, for the first time, the Hacienda Alvares.

Five hours later, while the old don and the young soldier sat over their wine and smoked, each telling to each tales of the strange south-west, a peon entered.

The master looked up, then waved his hand encouragingly.

"This is the gentleman, Dumox, who saved the life of your daughter."

The man advanced.

He was a genuine South American—a peon, a body servant of the old don—who had followed him north from Peru.

With a gesture of absolute homage, he prostrated himself at the feet of the trooper, and kissed his sabre-tip.

"My life is yours, master, at all times and for ever," he whispered.

Then arose, and before Emerson could speak he was gone.

"A splendid servant, lieutenant," said the don, as he refilled the glasses: "perfect, and a man worthy to be your friend even.

"You have saved his daughter, his all, and you can depend upon him.

"He is your slave, for that act, to the death."

So began Emerson's acquaintance at Hacienda Alvares.

As the morning came, bringing with it the pleasures of a home where wealth and beauty reigned, long unenjoyed by this rugged young soldier of the border, and the dark-eyed Guadalupe put her hand in his to thank him for the news he brought, and asked him to stay as a friend where he came as a messenger, a strange thrill ran through his pulses.

And he stayed—stayed until he felt that his colonel must be wondering, for his week was long gone.

He stayed until the dusky-browed Juan d'Imray, cousin and suitor of his beautiful hostess, frowned upon him.

He stayed until his own heart throbbed wildly and his ears drank as divine music the rich voice of the donna—until the girl's cheeks glowed beneath his fervent glance, and her bosom heaved when his hand touched hers.

He stayed too long, and then rode away campward, with a positive promise to the urgent old don to return; with a single glance from Guadalupe that might mean worlds; with a scowl and curse from Juan that betokened a hatred deep and fierce; and last of all with a single gesture of unchangeable fealty from poor Dumox at the gate.

"Ah, lieutenant!" cried old Colonel Miller, as Emerson appeared before him on the morning following, "the donna was too many for you.

"But I consent.

"Make the marriage soon, and bring the beauty to camp."

The young man colored.

"The marriage will be with Juan d'Imray, colonel.

"Rumor says she is affianced to him.

But the colonel shook his head.

"Bah! that man!

"His habits are worse than those of a Mexican.

"The donna is a wise woman as well as a beautiful one, and an American can win her, especially when the American is a young and good-looking soldier.

"Lieutenant, if you want that girl, and I believe you do, and don't go in and win her away from that cursed black Spaniard, I'll—I'll order you under arrest for a year."

And with an emphatic shake of the head the brave old fellow turned away.

Emerson laughed long and heartily at his colonel as a "matchmaker."

But when it so happened, two weeks later, that the post-commandant found another message for Hacienda Alvares, it also happened that the lieutenant was ready to carry it.

And the bearer found a stronger attraction than before in the eyes of Donna Guadalupe; forgot the evil lurking in those of Juan d'Imray, and remained three days at the table of his friend, the old don.

Three days of bliss to him, crowned at last one glorious night by the sweet, sweet words which made the beauteous girl his for ever.

For his love overpowered him, and he confessed it.

Together they strayed beneath the arbors of the garden.

The soldier's horse stood waiting at the gate, the moon smiled down upon its lonely northern way.

But his arm encircled the most perfect figure in New Mexico.

His eyes gazed into orbs filled with love and longing.

His lips plucked from other lips kisses more luscious and passionate than ever before melted the heart of man.

And Guadalupe told him, by word and eye and heart, that she loved him.

But at last the midnight warned them, and with one parting embrace, close and long, the young man watched his darling slip from his hold and flee towards the now silent rancho.

While whispering his last words and benisons, the sweetest of confessions in the sweetest of tongues, he sought his saddle, and rode slowly away into the gloaming.

Over the broad plateau and down the narrow trail towards Los Mexos, until upon the little bridge that crossed the wild stream at a point known as "The Fatal Gorge," he paused and dismounted a moment to tighten a loosened girth.

Then again he breathed the words of his love.

The girth was fastened and the trooper's foot in the stirrup when, rising from the dim obscurity behind him, a dark figure whirled its arm quickly in the air, something shot silently towards the soldier, and an instant later, like the deadly coil of a snake, a lariat fell about his neck, half strangling him.

He was suddenly jerked backwards to the floor of the shaking bridge, and as his frightened horse sped snorting up the winding path, he heard at his ear the low fiendish laugh of his rival.

Juan d'Imray had caught him.

For a moment Emerson lay stunned where he had fallen.

Then he sprang to his feet, and his hands tore at the tightening rope about his neck.

But a second time the cord was pulled, and again he fell.

Then, before he could rise, strong arms bound him, and again the demoniacal laugh rang in his ears.

"Ha, blue coat! you would steal my bride.

"Did you think a d'Imray would retire because you had entered the field?

"Fool!

"See, I am going to drag you at my horse's heels back to Hacienda Alvares, and fling your carcass before the gate.

"Donna Guadalupe will think the Indians have killed you.

"She will weep, then marry me.

"Do you hear—at my horse's heels?

"How you will bound along the way!"

Emerson's heart stood still.

Death was a soldier's fate—a noble death his honor!

But this — Heavens! it was too horrible.

"Pray, dog, pray while I mount!" cried d'Imray.

With a whistle the Spaniard called his horse from the shadows behind him, and sprang to the saddle, making one end of the lariat fast about the pommel.

Horse and men were together now upon the narrow bridge, which creaked beneath their united weight, while the angry waters foamed madly on a hundred feet beneath them.

The soldier's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

He could not pray—and Guadalupe's kisses were yet warm upon his lips.

"In thirty seconds we start," hissed Juan, drawing his lariat taut, and gathering the reins in his nervous hands.

"Pray, poor fool, for in less than a moment you die!"

The lieutenant heard him not.

A cloud drifted across the face of the moon; a shadow crept by the mounted Spaniard along the narrow bridge, and paused close to where Emerson lay.

The murderer turned in his saddle.

"Come," he hissed hoarsely, "we must go!" and struck spurs to his horse.

But even at that moment the moon reappeared, a steely gleam flashed across the tightening lariat, it parted, and, rising from the shadow by the victim, stood Jacque Dumox, a long knife gleaming in his hand.

With a yell of rage the maddened Spaniard turned, and made as though he would have ridden both soldier and peon down; but Dumox raised his weapon, and hurled it at the advancing steed with deadly aim.

The heavy blade hissed through the night air, and buried itself to the hilt in the brown flank of the plunging animal.

There came a single agonized, half-human scream, ringing with a shudder through the silence about, and then, rearing madly, with one blind spring, horse and rider shot downward into the black abyss beneath—downward to the headlong death below—and Los Mexos roared on.

* * * * * *

Lieutenant Emerson and his beautiful bride have moved to California, and the old don lives with them.

His New Mexico hacienda is sold, and the servants gone, except one old man and his daughter, who are still attached to the person of Alvares.

But the story of that terrible night upon the bridge in the Fatal Gorge is known only to two.

The third and principal actor therein has never since been seen.

Los Mexos never gives up its dead.

Keeping His Word.

BY H. C.

IT was a pleasant room, homelike and cheery, with plenty of books and flowers and pictures about, and snowy draperies at the windows, and a rich-hued carpet, and over all, instead of the glaring lamplight, the warm scarlet glow of flaring coals in the grate.

And the prettiest picture in it was the living one by the fire.

A girl, who looked scarcely sixteen summers old, slender and wonderfully fair, lay back against the cushioned softness of a big Turkish chair, her small slippered feet tapping restlessly upon the shining fender.

A companion, a dark-haired dark-faced man, sat at her side, with one arm thrown carelessly across a little table that held a basket of dainty worsted work.

His hand was near hers—so near he had but to lift it and lay it upon the little pink-tipped fingers that clasped the arm of the crimson chair.

And his eyes, his dusky unfathomable eyes, were fixed upon her face in a glance half scrutiny, half admiration.

"Violet."

The girl raised her drooped eyes with a slow uplifting of their white long-fringed lids, but she did not look into his face nor change one line of her graceful languid attitude.

"Violet," her companion commenced again, a slight swift gleam of annoyance crossing his face, "are you angry because I have mentioned Selah's name?"

"No, not angry," she said.

"Why should I be angry at the mention of your brother's name?

"He is my friend; but you spoke as if you were warning me against him—against somebody.

"I do not like your taking that tone.

"Selah is my friend, I say, that you know, but nothing more."

"Nothing more?—nothing more, Violet?

"Really, do you care nothing for my brother more ——"

"Really, Mr. Carleton, you are unwarrantably curious," the girl flashed out, gathering herself up in a haughty way that became her well.

"But lest you should wilfully misunderstand me—hear me say it again in plain words, Selah is only my friend."

Now the man's idle hand closed over the light fingers in a firm clasp, and his handsome face, flushed and pleading, but with a wilful light in the dusky eyes, bent close above the girl's.

"Violet, you are angry with me; you call me Mr. Carleton, and I have known you as long as Selah, and you say I am unwarrantably curious because I am deeply interested in your welfare, and you evade my questions.

"You and Selah may be only friends, and yet you may love him, and if you do I will move heaven and earth to see you his wife.

"Stay! you shall not leave me.

"I will leave you, if need be.

"No doubt I have lingered too long already; but you shall hear me first—know why I am curious—because I love you.

"There Violet.

"If you love Selah, there is no hope for me, but I can perhaps accomplish your happiness."

The girl shook off his hand and stood up angrily, a haughty little maiden, with flaming cheeks and flashing eyes, and a cloud of short tawny hair tossed impetuously away from her white brow.

"Yes, you have lingered too long already Mr. Carleton.

"There is no hope for you here.

"I have liked you, because you were an old-time friend; but I accept no favors at your hands, and have no favor to show."

"Very well.

"I accept my dismissal for the present," replied her companion, with admirable calm.

"But the day will come when you will be less ready to send me away.

"Good evening, Miss Duane."

What did he mean?

The girl sat long and late by the grate fire trying to think it all over—his words about Selah Carleton that had made her so uncomfortable, his own confession of his love, his offer to accomplish her happiness.

"As if I would take Selah's love as a gift from his hands," she broke forth indignantly.

"Selah does love me.

"I am sure of it.

"How can I help being sure, when we have always been such intimate friends, and his manner has grown to be more and more that of a lover?

"Oh, why has Atherton Carleton come home to make me miserable?"

Poor child!

Leading her sweet quiet home life in the old farmhouse that gleamed in summertime like a great yellow blossom out from its setting of maple green and fluted-leaved elms, what did she know of the hundred evil passions that rule the ways of men?

The Carletons' country mansion was just across the broad shaded country road from the Duane farm, where Violet lived her quiet life with an elderly uncle and aunt.

The girl had known the Carleton boys from childhood, though Atherton was a lad at college when she and Selah were still in primary geographies and first lessons in grammar, and had admired the handsome elder one in an awesome way, and loved her younger friend and playmate with all her childish passionate affection.

As the years went by, Atherton traveled abroad and only with the recurring summer did she see much of Selah.

But this year things had been different.

Atherton had come home from abroad, Selah had left college, and despite the invalidism of Mrs. Carleton, the mansion had been crowded with gay summer visitors.

Violet had never passed so gay a summer for the portico across the way were never quite complete without her, and Carleton Place was almost a second home.

And never had she passed a happier one.

Selah was with her constantly, and the strange sweet blossoms of womanhood's love bloomed in Violet's heart.

She was too happy, too innocent, in her sweet pure girlishness to see that Selah was beloved of another woman, and too wrapped in her own dreams to study Atherton Carleton, as he studied her, or

she might have discovered that he loved her.

And so that November evening's talk, when Atherton had come down from town to close up the Carlton house and had called on her, came with a strange shock to Violet.

But for all its sad foreshadowings of fate she scarcely comprehended it.

Only as the days and weeks slipped by and Selah never came down from town to call on her she could not shut out from her mind the face of handsome Miss Gaudalet, and the words that Atherton had dropped concerning her and Selah.

And then, sometimes, Violet recalled Mr. Carleton's words.

Was it true that he would have—that he could have—had the power to accomplish her happiness?

Had she been foolishly, miserably unwise and overproud in striving to conceal her heart's secret until she should confess it—for the very first—at Selah's wooing?

No!

She could not, she would not, take her love from another man's hands.

From November to the latter part of March—such a short time to most mortals—seemed an eternity to poor proud little Violet.

And then one night Atherton Carleton came to call.

Much and often as she had told herself that she hated him she met him eagerly now.

As the girl walked straight into the parlor, and with outstretched hand towards him, Atherton noted how how changed she was since the summer before.

Her cheeks had lost their delicious bloom her eyes their sweet haughty fire.

He was glad.

He had not rushed his plans, and he felt sure of triumph at last.

"What a stranger you are?" Violet said, with a slight shy drooping of her eyes.

"Did you expect to see me after you sent me away?"

"I am afraid I was very rude that night.

"But you have forgiven me, or you would not be here?" a trifle questioningly.

"I have forgiven, yes.

"I have no choice but to forgive you, though you persist in ruining my life," he answered.

"But I came here because Selah sent me.

"Otherwise I should not have had the assurance to intrude."

She had whitened to the lips.

She had not even a syllable in reply.

"Selah is to be married in a week to Miss Gaudalet.

"It is to be a very private wedding, because my mother is ill; but he bade me ask you to come."

And then—

"Violet, poor little dear!" so softly, so gently, so caressingly.

"Oh, Violet!

"Proud little woman!

"You did care!—you do care!

"I wish Selah knew how much—I am sure he——"

"No!

"I am glad he does not.

"He must not know!

"What am I saying?—there is nothing for him to know."

"Violet," going to where she learned white and sick, against the mantel, and gathering her gently in his arms, and drooping his face softly against hers, "if you do not care, I do.

"I care for you.

"I always have cared, since you were a little child.

"I am not a man to act my love like some men; but I care, and I never change.

"Will you put your faith in me and be my wife, and prove to Selah that you never cared, even when he foolishly plumed himself upon having won your heart without the need of sueing for it?"

It was rest and healing balm to be thus loved in her hour of misery; it was a sore temptation to the girl to hide her wound under the shield of Atherton's name.

"Yes; I will be your wife, in time, if you care to have me."

"I care to have you now, immediately.

"I cannot wait.

"I want to comfort you.

"I want to shew Selah that he has not broken your heart, my little dove.

"Why not be married now?

"Why not to-night?"

His pleading prevailed as at a saner moment they would not have done.

The next day's papers carried the news far and wide that Violet Duane was Atherton Carleton's wife.

And one woman read it with triumphant eyes; one man with whitened face.

It was the day of Selah's wedding when he first met his brother's wife.

He was going up the stairway to the bride's room.

Violet was coming down.

They stood still.

"Let me congratulate you," said Violet firmly.

"You!

"You of all women to congratulate me, when you must know how you have ruined my happiness and wrecked my faith."

"I!"

"Yes, you.

"Do not affect to misunderstand me.

"You knew—you could not help knowing—that I loved you, that Alice Gaudalet would have remained Alice Gaudalet for ever as far as I was concerned, if——"

"Your brother had not loved Miss Duane and won her!" whispered the bride over the balustrade.

"Come, Selah, I am ready.

"Pray spare Mrs. Carleton any further scene."

And there was no further scene.

Violet saw Selah Carleton married, and was calm.

And two couples were less happy than they might have been if Atherton Carleton had not sworn to marry Violet Duane and kept his oath.

For Herself.

BY H. C.

IT was at Lyons, where I had gone to paint a marine view, that I first saw Rosine.

She stood at a cottage window, watering some roses which grew in pots on the window-sill.

She was as fresh as the roses herself, and as sweet.

I fell in love.

It was not only that she was pretty; she was also well-bred, so ladylike, so much above what must have been her station, were she daughter of the old woman who sat at work so often on the doorstep—a healthy, comfortable peasant-woman; nothing more.

I am afraid my pictures did not progress as they might.

Rosine was fond of poetry, and I went nearly every day to the old garden behind the house.

In a little arbor under the trees Rosine sat and embroidered while the aunt knitted.

I sat near Rosine and read to her.

I forgot all the world except myself and Rosine, when I was suddenly aroused to a sense of its existence.

Returning to my studio one evening, I found my father sitting astride a chair with his arms upon the back, regarding my marine view.

"You work more slowly than usual, my boy," he said, when we had shaken hands.

I replied that the sea was capricious, and that I waited for certain tints which only certain days would bring.

"Very wise," he replied; "but now, Jack, what do you suppose I have come from London for?

"Think!

"Ah, you never can!

"It is a delightful surprise for you!

"I have arranged an alliance for you.

"You will have for your wife a lovely young creature, not eighteen, beautiful, accomplished, and an heiress; the daughter of my old friend, Churchill, who adores art, and believes you a genius.

"It was his proposal.

"'Money we have enough of,' he said.

"'Family we both have.

"'I want grandsons who will be artists, I should adore a son-in-law who was a genius.'

"So, of course, it is settled."

"Without me?" I asked.

"Oh, of course you are delighted," cried papa.

"She is a beautiful as though she were poor, and as rich as though she were plain, this young lady we offer you."

What could I say?"

I had not at that moment the courage to say—

"I love the niece of a poor old peasant woman who lives in a little cottage."

Perhaps it was cowardly; but to avoid explanations for the present, I agreed to return to London with my father early the next morning.

After supper I stole down again to old Mannette's little cottage, and peeping through the windows, saw both women together bending over some object, at which they were looking by the light of the shaded lamp.

It was a beautiful picture—the old brown face set off by its high white cap, long golden errings, and bright blue handkerchief; the young one, fair, rosy, soft, and all in purest white; Rosine, dressed like a Persian.

"Come out, Rosine," I whispered, through the blinds.

"I have come to tell you something," I whispered, as I led her away from the door.

"I am going to London to-morrow. My father will have it so.

"He has chosen a wife for me—some rich lady whom I am told to marry for her money.

"And I am ordered to show myself to her."

"Then good-bye," said Rosine, holding out her hand.

"We shall not see you at Lyons again."

"Rosine," I said, "you must hear me out.

"I am not going to marry this heiress. I hate her!"

"Poor heiress!

"What has she done?" asked Rosine.

"Nothing," I said.

"Probably she also hates me.

"But I will not have her; I will marry a girl I love, or none.

"Rosine, when I come back will you marry me?

"I shall be very poor, for my father will not help me if I disobey him."

Rosine looked at me.

After a while she put her hands in mine.

"If you come back and ask me to," she answered.

"I swear it!" I said.

"I plight my faith to you!"

Then I kissed her, and we parted.

My father and myself were in the hotel, when suddenly a gentleman stood before us, offering us his hands.

It was General Churchill.

"Ah!—how are you?" he cried.

"I have just been to the train to receive my daughter, whose old nurse has just brought her home from the seaside.

"They are taking coffee; no time like the present for introducing the young people."

We crossed the hall.

At a table in a private apartment sat a young lady dressed in exquisite style, and an old lady, apparently a servant.

Their backs were towards us.

General Churchill approached.

"Rosine, my dear," he said, "here is my old friend, Captain Markham, whom you know, and his son, Henry, whom as yet you do not know."

Rosine!

What a coincidence!

I stood staring at the young lady as she rose, turned and bowed to us.

I was incapable of any word or motion, for the likeness was astounding.

Rosine!

Yes!

And this old woman was Mannette, in another cap!

Rosine smiled, and bowed sweetly.

I managed to bow, and mutter something.

Mannette's black eyes laughed, while her mouth was held close shut.

"No, Mr. Henry; "I never told you that I was Mannette's niece," said Rosine, a little while after.

"She was merely my nurse, and I go every summer to visit her at her cottage.

"We knew who you were, and what our parents intended, and it pleased me to be courted, and not sold like so many rich ladies of my acquaintance.

"Oh, how shocked Mannette was at my conduct!"

This was aside.

The two papas drank their wine together, and whispered—

"How soon they have taken to each other!"

And Rosine and I are to be married in October.

The Two Ships.

BY D. M. A.

INDEED am I sweetly blessed, Mistress Myra.

"I had not paused to reck how deep my love, that I should dare—dare and win, ah, me! a jewel that I have no right to wear.

"I am but a lad with empty pockets; only that Heaven has given me health of limb and these strong arms, truly were I poor——"

"Nay, Julian, and may not the kind Heaven that has given thee these also bless what they may do?

"Come"—and the girlish voice was bantering—"have you won my heart to pine upon it and thrust it back again?"

"Heaven grant otherwise, my Myra!"

Happy lovers they, standing side by side on the vessel's clean deck, seeming to gaze on the dark ocean around them, yet really looking inward at their own true hopeful souls.

Among the pious pilgrims who weighed anchor from Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, to plant the banner of religious freedom in the wilderness of Maryland, 1633, there was one unfit for the protection of that God to whom all prayed as they faced the perils of their historical voyage.

Fierce Spaniards or cruising Turks lay greedily almost directly in the course of the two staunch vessels, the "Ark" and the "Dove;" storms and privations they could not avert, but heroically anticipated.

Our interest lies in the "Ark," the better manned, better armed of the two.

On board was a lovely orphan, following her guardians when they forsook home and kindred to worship after the dictates of their own hearts—her name, Myra.

She was loved by every one, and worthily, for her purity was even lovelier than her face.

Especially dear was she to Julian Grange.

And when it was observed that Myra regarded him favorably before all others, they yielded the field to the handsome youth.

Only one demurred in his callous heart and mentally vowed that Julian and she should never wed.

Peter Hardy had been an open suitor and was promptly rejected by both guardians and maiden, for his countenance was verily that of a rogue.

Three days following St. Cecilia's Day a violent storm arose.

Just how it happened none could tell—but, above the roar of the tempest and crash of waves, the shudderful cry went up—

"Man overboard!"

At the same instant Myra was seen running across the rolling deck shrieking piteously—

"Julian! Julian!"

It required strong arms to restrain her from throwing herself into the raging waters.

"I want my Julian!

"Let me go with him!" she wailed, as they forced her safely to the cabin.

"He is my Julian! my love! Oh, he is lost—lost!"

Once she saw a chalky-white face with a pointed nose and baleful twinkling eyes—the eyes of Peter Hardy; and he grinned infernally at her, even in her misery.

Then ensued a blessed blank, and she lay delirious on her couch.

History has recorded that terrible tempest, the mad tossing of the "Ark," the pleading prayers preparatory for the seeming inevitable shipwreck—prayers that were answered by Heaven at last, stilling the deep, and giving joy to every pious breast.

But the "Dove," their consort, had vanished.

She was given up as lost for ever.

While matters were righting on the shipboard, Peter Hardy, in a mysterious way, beckoned the captain aside.

"A word with you."

"What have you to say, Master Peter?"

Peter looked slyly from his little twinkling eyes.

"I have heard it said that John, the sailor, lost his cup and knife?"

"Yes."

"And Richard, the cook, has lost some silken hose?"

"True."

"And Mistress Myra—mind thee—cannot find anywhere a golden bracelet that was hers, a gift from her dying mother."

"Well, and what of all this, Master Peter?"

Peter's lean fingers beckoned towards the cabin.

"Oh, come with me, that your own eyes may discover what I but half suspect."

Together they entered the cabin.

By one of the berths was Julian's chest, fast locked.

"You are captain," said Peter, pointing.

"Julian Grange is dead; the key is gone with him. Open that and see what you may find."

The captain hesitated.

But at last the chest was forced, and there amid Julian's tidy clothing lay cup, knife, hose, and Myra's golden bracelet.

Unfortunate Julian!

Soon afterwards, those who had mourned his loss were angrily shaking their heads.

Julian, then, was the thief; and even to steal the bauble of his own true lady-love—that seemed unmanliest of all.

"It was not he," declared Myra sadly. "I do not—you must not believe it of him, I pray.

"My Julian was too good, too noble, too God-fearing for any crime."

When not quite two months later the "Ark" arrived at Barbadoes, seeking provisions, the people were so inhospitable and extravagant in their charges that the captain himself, with three others went ashore to negotiate.

One of the three was Peter Hardy, whose reputation for driving a good bargain was well known.

Night came on before they could return to their boat.

The captain urged haste, for in that January of 1634 there was a pending insurrection among the slaves for murder and pillage.

Their haste was too late.

Even as they reached the shore a horde of yelling, frenzied beings poured out upon them.

There ensued a terrible fray.

Bravely they fought—fought until every bandolier was emptied; but one after another went down before the bloodthirsty assailants.

In desperation the captain sprung toward his moored boat.

"Save me! Save me!" screeched the voice of Peter Hardy, directly beneath his feet.

It was a hazardous task, but by superhuman exertion the captain reached his vessel, bring with him Peter Hardy.

Peter was badly wounded—dying, pronounced the doctor.

When he realized that there was no hope, he summoned the captain and a holy man to his side.

"Let me confess," he gasped, painfully.

"I cannot die with such sin as mine untold.

"My own hands pushed Julian Grange into the sea.

"My own hands stole what was in Julian Grange's chest.

"I had a key that fitted cleverly.

"But forgive me now I implore.

"I loved Myra.

"When I saw that she was not for me, I hated him who outranked me in her heart.

"At times I fear I dared to hate her too.

"I am dying.

"Forgive——"

The wretch died while speaking.

The conspiracy of the slaves was discovered in time to utterly suppress it, and the "Ark" lay tranquilly in harbor, when one bright morning there was a clangor of trumpets, and the air quavered with glad shouts from all on board.

The "Dove"—the mourned vessel that had vanished during the storm some weeks before—sailed gaily into view and anchored near.

First to gain the deck of the "Ark" was Julian Grange.

A plank washed from the "Ark" on that tempestuous night had saved him; after an almost hopeless struggle the "Dove had rescued him.

How describe the emotions of the two loud, re-united lovers!

They were at once married.

From the pair grew sons and daughters to become a pride of Maryland—the only state that was not wrested for settlement over the bleeding corpses of the unfortunate natives.

In point of action, the heart is virtually the whole man; for it contains in it all that, which by virtue of his other faculties he is able to do.

A Boy's Blunder.

BY ERNEST L. SMITH.

DICK and I are going down to the May festivities, Miss Chelmsford; do you care to come?"

Agatha Chelmsford, a large, fair, handsome woman, looked up from her cool corner in the morning-room.

"The May festivities here?" with a faint elevation of pale, arched brows.

"Yes, did you not know?

"Why, we are going to have a regular old-fashioned May-day—May Queen, May pole, and all."

"And you—you care for this sort of thing, Mr. Carrington?

Pardon me, but I should judge the persons getting it up were—well, not exactly in our set."

"No," Wilbur Carrington said coldly. "If you mean on visiting terms here, most of them are not. But——"

"But you just ought to see the May Queen, Miss Agatha," young Dick Carrington broke in enthusiastically. "She's worth going purposely to see."

"Indeed! Who is your rustic beauty, Dick?"

"In the first place, a lady," Dick said stoutly.

"But they're not well off, you know, and she has a little brother—a cripple—so she is obliged to teach in the village school. Do come."

"Dick," Wilbur Carrington said sharply, "don't urge Miss Chelmsford. I presume she would not care about it."

"Oh, but I do," with a sudden dropping of her languid tone.

"May I detain you just a few moments while I dress?"

And, flinging aside the scrap of needlework with which she had been trifling, she left the room.

Agatha Chelmsford was visiting Wilbur Carrington's mother, down in their pretty village.

The Carrringtons were the great people of the place.

And rumor told a strange little romance of this slightly passee heiress, and grave, reserved Wilbur Carrington.

It was [illegible] the wealth of [illegible] had been [illegible] before the world [illegible] fame, the brilliancy, the gayest of society, but he had [illegible] to lay his life at [illegible] slightly shocked [illegible] and [illegible].

Now the tables had turned, and it was with a resolute determination to undo the past that she had come down to the handsome country seat this bright spring weather.

Then she passed on to the morning-room, her full, womanly figure looking its best in her handsome costume of dark blue velvet and brocade.

"Ready, Mr. Carrington?" with a bright smile.

"Yes, I hope you will enjoy it, Miss Chelmsford," he said, as he handed her into the carriage.

"I am sure I shall."

The carriage soon stooped at a beautiful grove, and through the trees they caught [illegible] and heard merry laughter.

Dick sprang from his seat, and tossed the reins to his brother.

"I shall be the first to greet her majesty. I see Annie over there, and shall bring her to you."

"No," Wilbur said, shortly, "we will go to her."

Something in his voice made Agatha Chelmsford look up him suddenly.

Then she took his arm, and went with him down the mossy path.

"You see the young folks compromising this party," he explained, "have a sort social club in the winter months, but this is the first time they have celebrated May-day."

"They went a good way about it," Dick came back to say, in his boyish manner. "They've got the prettiest girl in the village for their queen, haven't they, Wilbur? Wilbur knows."

"You are disposed to be enthusiastic," with a faint, crushing laugh. "Is she really so pretty, Wilbur?"

It was the first time she had called him so since the old days, but they were near the Maying party, and it was time to play a trump card.

There was no change in the grave, bearded face, to which she looked up half pleadingly.

"Pretty?" he repeated calmly, a trifle dreamily. "I hardly know if we would agree on that subject, Miss Chelmsford. I hold that inner life makes outer beauty, and Annie Stuart is a womanly woman. But here she is."

Agatha Chelmsford looked with a new nervous excitement in her light blue eyes at the girl who came forward with Dick, laughing heartily at the boy's merry words.

And she saw a girl a little above the medium height, but looking taller because of the soft white muslin robe she wore.

She saw a face bright with health and happiness, and Heaven's elixir—youth.

A fine element as a cameo; eyes tender, earnest; long black lashes, and braided brown-brown hair.

"Regina, greeting," Wilbur Carrington cried, and held out his hand.

"We come too late for your majesty's coronation. Allow me, Miss Chelmsford. Miss Stuart."

The ladies bowed, the former a trifle abstractedly.

She was thinking with a curious pang, how well Wilbur Carrington's words suited the girl before her—"a womanly woman."

"This is Miss Chelmsford's first visit to Silver Leafwood, is it not?" she heard the happy girlish voice say. "Would you like to come and see its pleasant places? It has some."

She hesitated a moment.

Then a thought came to her.

"Thanks—yes!" she said.. "I would like to go."

"Mayn't I go with you, Annie?" cried Dick imploringly.

But she shook her flower-crowned head [illegible].

"No, you must [illegible] and talk to Hattie Green. She's pining for a sight of you. There's a good boy."

Miss Chelmsford turned to Wilbur Carrington.

"Would it be too much trouble to ask you to get my shawl from the carriage? Thanks! Will you wait here with it? We shall be back soon."

He started as she spoke.

He had been looking at Annie Stuart, at the girlish figure in that soft white dress, through which arms and bosom faintly showed, at the firmly-sweet eyes, at the great clusters of May flowers glowing palely pink at throat and waist.

Miss Chelmsford noticed his glances, and felt a sudden sharp contrast between herself and Annie Stuart.

The girl looked almost childish in her pure fresh dress, and simply braided brown hair.

She felt old and cumbrous now, in her cut velvet and diamonds.

With the quick perception of a woman of the world, she saw even more than Annie Stuart had seen.

She would play her cards accordingly.

"You have known Wilbur a long time?" questioningly, as they turned away.

A puzzled pained look came into the girl's eyes.

"No, not a very long time.

"Long enough to appreciate him however.

"My little brother was injured by a fall some time ago, and since the accident we have learned to value Mr. Carrington's kindness and friendship."

"Dear Wilbur!"

"There was an unconcealed tenderness in Miss Chelmsford's voice that made her companion whiten to the eyes.

"He was always good-hearted to every one.

"He—I, that is, we often talk of what we shall do when——

"But pardon me, I had forgotten this subject holds no interest for you.

"What lovely spring dresses!"

She knew by the girl's tone [illegible] that she had taken all her implied confidence as she had meant she should.

She knelt down to gather a cluster of the daisies, drawing off her gloves.

As she did so a great diamond on her left hand sparkled in a slanting sunbeam.

"Oh!" Annie Stuart cried involuntarily. Miss Chelmsford held up a long slender hand.

"You like it?" she said.

"Wilbur gave it to me!"

There was a smaller, plainer ring on her hand, that he had given her as a schoolboy gift fifteen years before.

If questioned, she could protest her mistake in having imagined it the one referred to.

If possible she would misunderstand her.

Annie Stuart caught her hand against her brave girlish heart, crushing the May flowers in her belt.

"Then—then it is an engagement ring?"

"The diamond?

"Yes."

She told the lie with shyly-drooping lids, but voice cool with deliberate emphasis.

"Is it, though, Agatha? and you never told us."

Dick leaped lightly over a low bush on the path beside them.

"I say, Wilbur," raising his voice as only a boy can. "There's a girl——

"Agatha's engaged, think of it!

"I caught her showing the ring to Annie Stuart.

"And Annie asked her if it was an engagement-ring, and she said 'Yes!'

"There!" triumphantly, "I've found you out, Miss [illegible] though you are a great [illegible]."

But Wilbur, coming down the path with the carriage-wrap, interrupted him by holding out his hand and saying, pleasantly—

"Hearty congratulations, Miss Chelmsford, from—Annie and me."

He hesitated a little before the last words, then turning to Annie with a smile, he offered her his arm.

"Dick, take care of Miss Chelmsford awhile.

"We will be back soon."

And they walked away into the shadow of the trees.

What did he say?

Just such honest, tender words, sprung from an embodying affection, as every man speaks and every woman hears once in their lives.

But Annie cried out in amazement:

"I thought Miss Chelmsford was engaged to you!"

"Well, you thought a 'gigantic mistake,' my darling," he said, laughingly.

"Now let us go back."

Agatha Chelmsford's face grew ghastly under its faint rouge, and Wilbur Carrington stood gravely before her.

"We congratulated you an hour ago, Miss Chelmsford," he said. "Won't you wish us joy now?"

And the woman who had so narrowly escaped detection and humiliation said the conventional words calmly, despite her maddening despair.

"What a happy May-day!" Wilbur Carrington cried, as his eyes rested on Annie Stuart's face.

"You bet!" echoed Dick madly, as he flung his hat into the air, with an Indian war-whoop.

"Didn't I tell you, Miss Agatha, Annie was a daisy?

"Slang's excusable—all things are excusable to-day.

Little did the boy know how his blunder had saved the happiness of those he loved.

"Your majesty!" cried Dick the irrepressible, "I particularly request permission to inaugurate my relationship with a May-day kiss.

"In fact, I insist on enforcing my brotherly privilege.

"Mayn't she, Wilbur?"

And Wilbur nodded and laughed, and Annie blushed.

But Dick got it.

TABLE DECORATIONS.—Strips of frosted and silver-spangled green or white cloth, satin, sateen, or swanskin can be used as overlays on the cloth under the floral or fruit decorations, to imitate the snow-covered or frost-spangled ground outside. The strips can be prepared in the following way: Stretch the material with pins or tacks on a deal table or board. Dip a large painter's water-brush in the gum, dissolved in water and vinegar, which latter makes it dry quicker, and sprinkle it finely and quickly with the mixture, avoiding wet splashes. Dust over thickly with frosting powder, silver tinsel spangles, or diamond powder, or cleared and roughly crushed alum. Allow the strips to dry thoroughly before removing them for use.

Fringe border of ferns, leaves, natural or artificial, or dried, or artificial grasses should be laid on the edges of these strips when on the table. The coffee sugar, sold in large clear crystals, is admirably adapted for this purpose, and best applied on very thin boards of the size required, washed over with a thick syrup of sugar and water or sprinkled with gum preparation, and then plentifully sprinkled with sugar crystals, which are then not wasted, as if covered from dust, they can be scraped off again. Colored comfits, sweets, and crystallized bonbons, and fruits can be strewn on such overlays with great success. Green tarlatan, or satin sprinkled with silver spangles, and with a thick spangled or frosted leaves, or fern fringe falling both sides looks very well. Laurel, or bay leaves frosted over, can be also used for borders. Foundations of stout paper—with open or divided sheets of fine white wadding tacked on them, so that the freshly pulled fluffy interior side is uppermost—can be frosted over equally well, or can be simply decorated with fern fronds, leaves, etc. Deep glass dishes and baskets with handles, wreathed over with ferns or trails of plants, can be filled with real or artificial ice to great advantage, and sunk into beds of moss. Fresh and crystallized fruits look well piled on plates made of cardboard and covered all over with bay leaves stitched on. The long unbroken bars of candy sugar arrange well in quadrangle piles of alternate white, red, and yellow. Slender glasses or vase pots, with plants and feathery grasses, can be inserted into these piles. The ends of the bars should be allowed to advance well at the corners, the same way as building wood is stored. Fine pointed sticks, with crystallized fruits run on them, or simply figs or French plums can be piled in the same manner. Handsome bunches of fruit or dried dessert grapes can be suspended on rustic gipsy sticks, either in the centre or at the ends of long tables.

FANCY FLOWER POTS.—The best pots for plants are undoubtedly those of common red clay, such as you see in every greenhouse. They are cheap, porous and not unsightly if kept clean. The florists all use them, and that is a proof of their excellence. If there was a better kind, all things considered, those who make a business of raising plants would soon find it out. If you don't think the ordinary red pots are elegant enough for your apartment you can cover them with the lattice work cache-pots which can be obtained at any seed store at a cost of from fifteen to fifty cents. If you want to be elegant, with still less expenditure, make your cache-pots of paper. Take a strip of glazed and rather stiff paper, of a width corresponding to the height of the pot and long enough to go three times around the pot's top circumference. Gather this from end to end, like a fan, in folds from half to three-quarters of an inch in width; run a cord through the folds at the top and bottom. Now glue the two ends together, set your pot in, draw up the cords till the paper fits the pot at the top and bottom, and your jardiniere is made.

It is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversion towards society, in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast.

"Sleep Splendidly."

A gentleman in Memphis, Tennessee, who has been using the Compound Oxygen Treatment, in speaking of its good effects in his case, says: "I find my general health splendid. Work all day—no [illegible] at night, except that caused by work. Sleep splendidly. Appetite best in the world. No [illegible] since using Oxygen." Our [illegible] pamphlet explaining [illegible] sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 Girard street, Philadelphia.

New Publications.

Landreth's Rural Almanac and Catalogue," for 1883, like its predecessors, is full of valuable information for the farm. For gratuitous distribution. 21 and 23 South Sixth street, Philadelphia.

"The Agricultural Review and Journal," published [illegible] Agricultural Association, New York, contains an excellent series of well-written articles of great value and interest to farmers in all parts of the country.

Wide Awake. This admirable magazine for children has reached its sixteenth volume, which opens with a promise that all its previous efforts will be excelled. The publishers of *Wide Awake* have taken a high standard of excellence as their rule, and have therfore furnished the younger branches with a healthy reading that cannot fail to inculcate the most correct principles and the best incentives towards an elevated character. A marked feature is the publication of true stories of self-help, success in business, unselfishness and nobility of principle. There will also be many instructive papers on health, cookery, topics of the times and the mysteries of woodcraft. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, of Boston.

If every number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, for 1883, is going to be as the January issue, the readers of that bright and ably edited periodical have a treat before them. The contents of the current number are remarkably varied and even more than ordinarily entertaining. The first of two papers by Dr. Casper Wister describing a cruise made by him among the Windmill Islands, is graphic, fresh and humorous to to an unusual degree. G. F. Buckman tells the story of the founding of a city at Colorado Springs, and expatiates on the many advantages of the locality and settlement. Prof. Leverett W. Spring, in an article on John Brown at Dutch Henry's Crossing, throws some fresh light upon the career of "the most picturesque figure that has moved across the page of American history," and Charles Wood tells in a very amusing fashion the experiences of A Day in Tokio. The author of Signor Monaldine's Niece begins a new story called The Jewel in the Lotos, and there are a number of good Christmas stories. It only remains to add to this, that the Gossip this month is particularly bright, and the excellence of the number can be imagined. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia.

The Swimmer [illegible] This first-class publication, devoted to preservation of health and mental and physical culture, begins the new year in an improved form, and will hereafter be issued weekly. It is, as usual, full of matter of the highest interest. Bell & Co., Publishers, 118 Fulton street, New York. $4.00 per year, or 10 cents per number.

The Christmas number of the *American Bookseller* issued by the American News Co., New York, is in point of illustration one of the best they have ever issued.

The January number of the *Eclectic Magazine* begins a new volume, and has as a frontispiece a finely-executed steel engraving entitled "The Wedding-Day." The table of contents embraces a great variety of interesting articles. Those of our readers who wish a magazine to instruct them, and who desire to keep pace with the current literature of the world cannot do better than to subscribe to this periodical with the commencement of the new volume [illegible] Published by E. R. Pelton, 108 Bond street, New York. Terms, [illegible] single copies 45 cents; [illegible] subscription for [illegible] months, $1.

St. Nicholas, for January, contains several notable features, pre-eminent among which is the brief biographical sketch of [illegible] written by her sister, which is accompanied by six [illegible] from Parsons's [illegible] by the celebrated artist [illegible] to Mr. Nicholas for publication, engraved from a photograph, and several groups from the great picture "[illegible]." Another very interesting article is that on [illegible] "A Chinese New Year's Day in South Dakota," which gives a vivid account of this strange Mongolian celebration in an American town. Some further adventures of Tucker [illegible] story, entitled "Jerry Wilson's Navy Days," with characteristic illustrations, is sure to be welcomed by his old and [illegible] enjoyed by his new friends. In addition, is the usual amount of short stories, verses, bright pictures, and departments. The frontispiece is a beautiful picture by E. H. Blashfield, called "His Lordship's Bedtime." The Century Co., Publishers, New York.

The December *Apollo* comes to our table laden with choice material for the instruction and amusement of its readers. The low subscription price of $1.00 per year, including premium, ought to insure it a reception in every musical family. L. E. Wtapple, Publisher, Boston.

THE DOMESTIC REALM.—Home is the realm of which a wife is the sovereign, and her sovereignty will bring her honor and love [illegible] as her rule over matters [illegible] is wisely and [illegible] ently ordered. That realm, limited [illegible], demands for its government a much greater and more uninterrupting effort of thought than is always given to it; for when a wife, intent upon making the home of her family all that it is possible to make it, studies daily how best by skilful management she can gratify preferences, please tastes, anticipate wishes, keep pocket and little worries, [illegible] with [illegible] of love, she will seldom fail of securing the reward which she most dearly prizes.

Our Young Folks.

LIGHTHOUSE AND CRAB.

BY PIPKIN.

"I CAN'T think why you have placed yourself in that conspicuous position," exclaimed a Crab.

"Who may you be talking to?" asked a Shrimp.

The Crab swam round the pool and faced the Shrimp.

"Who are you, pray?" he asked slowly.

"I'm a Shrimp," replied the little fellow, "and I am anxious to know to whom you are talking.

"You seem so angry, and so much concerned, that I should like to hear what you have to say."

The Crab looked at him from tail to whiskers, and said, scornfully—

"You are such a mite, that I doubt if you can even see the great creature I am addressing."

The Shrimp looked anxiously around. Was some great monster on the point of swallowing him up?

"Pray tell me what is the matter, and who this monster is!" he pleaded, after an anxious, hurried search, in which he could discover nothing.

"The lighthouse, you silly little fellow," answered the Crab.

"The lighthouse!" cried the Shrimp.

"Why, of course I can see the lighthouse any one can see him.

"He stands so high in the daytime, and at night holds up his head with his beautiful bright light that there's not an hour when we lose sight of him."

"Oh, that's all you know about it!" said the Crab, angrily, and away he swam to the edge of the pool, and then crawled out on to a corner of sand.

He was in a very bad temper; even the sun rays could not thaw him, or the pools allure him.

High above him was a noble rock, and there, out lately completed, was the grand lighthouse that was the pride of all the fishing villages around, to say nothing of stray barks that might come and go about those coasts.

The Crab was discontented enough at the best of times, but since the lighthouse had begun to be reared, he had been worse than ever before.

The workmen had often surprised and frightened him; his favorite haunts had been disturbed; he had even heard the sailors talk of catching him, and oh, horror! of cooking and eating him!

The idea of falling into the hands of these dreadful men made him quite ill.

All his vexation, however, centred in the lighthouse himself.

Why did he want to come there disturbing them so?

Who was he?

Could he not be made to depart?

The Crab was not quite sure but that he might move and crawl into the water, and never speak to that from a safe distance.

Once more he crawled into the water, meditating a conversation with the lighthouse.

It was a beautiful afternoon in September; the sea lay absolutely at rest, the merest ripple licking the sides of the rocks, and letting the weeds float in calm and beauty.

"Lighthouse!" he cried at the top of his voice.

"Who calls me?" asked the Lighthouse.

"It is I!" exclaimed the Crab indignantly.

"Are you so low that you cannot even see me?"

It would have needed good sight indeed to see him, but the Lighthouse took his injured tones, and answered

"Never mind that I can hear you, I can hear you; tell me what it is you want."

"I want to know why you have placed yourself in such a prominent position? Why have you come here disturbing us so?"

"Friend," said the Lighthouse, "what harm do I do to you?"

"Before I can believe," I can hardly say that I even exist, men bring me [illegible] obedient to them."

"Ah, men!

"So you put the blame on to some one else?

"It was all well and peaceful before you came," continued the Crab, scornfully.

"You would have me believe what you say?

"I believe you persuaded men to put you here, expecting to reign over us all and our mighty kingdom.

"You expect to attract every one to yourself, but let me tell you we are in no hurry to come."

"Ah, friend!" answered the Lighthouse, lightly and yet somewhat sadly, "I come here to live in solitude, to warn all warm hearts and everything that lives to pass me by.

"The sun is bright to-day, the sea is calm and the most lonely may rejoice; but soon the storms will come; then everything that lives seeks shelter, and yet there may never be a shelter for me, nor may any ever come to me for shelter.

"No one lives more solitary than I, yet I rejoice! I rejoice!" he cried, in triumphant voice.

"My blazing light streams over the waters, and the storm-tossed, wind-driven vessel knows how to take my bright light for her guide."

"That is nonsense!" growled the Crab. "No one is as unselfish as all that comes to, least of all you, who have been disturbing the whole world for more than one generation."

"Ah, it's no unselfishness, it's just my very life!" he answered.

"Now go and ask the Sea about me if you want to know any more.

The Crab scrambled back to the water with a laugh.

It was really too ridiculous, he said to himself, to hear that lighthouse talk.

He went away in search of a supper, but all the time he kept thinking of his talk.

"Sea!" he said at last.

"Why has the Lighthouse come intruding here, and making himself so conspicuous?

"I wish you would combine with me and a few others I know, and oust him from the position, [illegible] has taken up."

"Oh, I'll help you," answered the Sea, "when I see you at work.

"As soon as you have loosened the first stone, I will come to your aid."

"Hem—hem—united strength, great Sea!"

"H[illegible]" mocked the Sea.

"I tell you what it is, little old crosspatch," he continued, gravely; "neither you nor I are even worthy to look at the Lighthouse.

"What makes you so jealous?"

Here was plain speaking, and no mistake!

The Crab was so taken back that he had no remark to make, and remained mute.

"Perhaps," said the great Sea, more gently, "it is ignorance which leads you to speak thus; but even if it is only ignorance, let me say that you should learn to be ashamed of it.

"Now I will tell you a short history.

"I know you imagine that the one rock on which you live is the only one in the world, but in reality it is but a tiny atom of the great world; all around us, not to speak of wonders farther afield, are similar rocks making homes for millions of creatures of whom you never dream.

"Yet these rocks, so friendly and kind to you, are terrible enemies to those who do not know them and again and again on this dangerous coast vessels have been lost, and men and women and little children have perished.

"Therefore have men built this Lighthouse to stand as a beacon and proclaim the danger around.

"There he stands in solitude, in fair weather and in foul, when the sun shines brightly, when the frosts freeze, when the winds blow gently, when they rage and storm, and lifts his calm head above, bidding all who behold him to leave him and seek safety elsewhere.

"Do not think either that he was always as he is now; chip by chip his stones have been cut; hammer and chisel and saw and file, have gone to make him what he is, and night by night his fiery spirit shone itself across the waters, cheery, kindly, and [illegible] gerous, except for him, but now safe and cheery.

"You would grumble and fret and fume had you no home, no friends, not even any acquaintance, but the noble Lighthouse rejoices to stand naked on the bare rock, to bid all friendly hands to leave him, and counts himself happy in sheer endurance."

The Crab turned and swam back to the sand.

For days he came out into the open and gazed at the lighthouse.

Had the Sea told him true?

By-and-by the autumn storms began.

Away into the sand burrowed the Crab; whenever he came forth the sea was raging the wind shrieking, and all was confusion.

Then he was consumed with curiosity as he lay in safety to know if the Lighthouse were really existing amidst it all.

It was indeed a perilous voyage which he at last made, and reached a spot whence he could see him.

Amid the blinding waves and mist he caught sight of him, as calm and quiet as if no storm raged and no waves washed over him.

The poor Crab reached his shelter once again, feeling as he had never before felt in his life.

All his ill-humor, his crossness, his ignorance, and self-complacency, had fled; he was in dejection and grief.

The bitterest part of all was that he could do nothing for this great, noble creature; that he was not a king, nothing but a common crab.

It was some weeks before the sea was again absolutely calm, but when at last all was peace, the Crab sought his old haunt, and again called aloud.

"Lighthouse!"

"Who calls me?" asked the Lighthouse.

"It is I!" cried the Crab, humbly. "Will you listen to me?"

"Of course I will, my friend," answered he.

If the great Lighthouse could smile, he certainly must have smiled in his kindly strong spirit as he listened to the poor Crab's confession and contrition.

"Never mind, wee one," he answered, when at length he could get in a word, "and do not think me such an unsociable being as all that.

"I am right well pleased to talk with any friend who will talk with me and be friendly, and do not think either that I am without great joys as well.

"I do not live in solitude after all.

"Think of the families who live with me to trim my lights; think of their children who play around me, who clasp my rugged walls with their chubby hands, and lay their faces against me, and call me their own 'brave old friend.'

"No, Crab, I am neither lonely nor miserable, neither sick nor sorry; perhaps, indeed, few have such an enviable lot."

"But the families go away in time."

"Others come," he answered.

"Then they will go," urged the Crab.

"And others will come," he answered again.

"No, Crab, I am well content.

"My life is to shine, and shining I am glad."

IN A DIFFICULTY.

BY J. G.

A FOX who was prowling about in search of poultry got one of his legs entangled in a rope that was dangling from a cart.

This was the more provoking as on the other side of the partition he could hear a hen clucking to her chickens, and a cock crowing cheerfully.

He raised himself on his hind legs, and managed to look over the board.

"Good morning," said the fox to the cock, who had bristled up his feathers, and was looking fiercely at the intruder.

"I am in a little trouble on this side of the barn-door, and I shall be obliged if you can help me out of it."

"What's the matter?" asked the cock a little gruffly, whilst all the poultry about him fled away as fast as they could to a place of safety.

"Why, I [illegible]," returned the fox, "there's a tiresome rope down here, and I've got my legs entangled [illegible] such a helpless manner that I fear I can't get them free before one of the stablemen comes; and if that happens there's an end of me."

"I should think with your sharp teeth you might gnaw through the knots," observed the cock.

"I [illegible]" replied the fox; "if [illegible] you will see I am speaking the truth."

"Your sharp beak would pick out the knots in no time."

"And I should be so grateful to you if you will."

"And would make a meal of me," responded the cock.

"No, I should not like to trust myself so near."

"I am speaking the truth, indeed I am," said the fox; "I am bound fast and can't get off.

"If you will only help me to escape I will make a solemn promise never to touch you or one of your family, even though I should be dying of hunger."

The cock crowed contemptuously.

"It is easy to make promises," he said, "but it is not easy to keep them.

"No; my family being in safety, I am going to follow their example, and leave you on the other side of the door."

"Oh, help! help! help!" cried the fox; "there's one of the men coming, I'm speaking the truth."

But the cock did not believe him; he thought it was only another of Reynard's stratagems to make an easy prey of him.

Therefore he quickly departed to a place where he might be out of danger.

In the meantime the stableman came along.

"Ah," said he, when he saw the fox, "so you're caught at last, my fine young fellow.

"No more poultry-stealing for you."

So saying he quickly put an end to the fox, who died saying, "For once in my life I spoke the truth, and I die because I was not believed."

So it is that those who are in the habit of telling falsehoods will find that when they do speak the truth no one pays any attention to it.

BE CHEERFUL AT HOME.—Be cheerful at home. The admonition is one that all may heed, for who is this respect is without sin? A single bitter word, one cloudy glance, may cast a gloom over the whole household for the entire day, while an endearing term or smile—"laughing or a whisper," as a little one described it—like a gleam of sunshine may light up the darkest and weariest hours. We would not preach a homily to those chronic growlers who are always fault finding—bullying men and termagant women—words would be impotent upon them as pebbles thrown at a rhinoceros; such require more persuasive methods. But there are scores of others who sadly need to heed the advice of the text. The man of business the professional man, the man of letters—perhaps the preacher himself—is he always cheerful at home? Returning to the family circle after the labors of the day, often wearied with care and with much vexation of spirit, the unkind word is uttered, the golden rule is broken and there are heavy hearts about the hearthstone. There is the housewife, whose domestic trials are the burden of her plaint until she becomes the very symbol of woe. Then there are the children—to whom more charity is due, for they almost invariably follow the example set them—who, in words of grieving, had a care in every duty and in every pleasure and pain. No need of particularizing the fretful, gloomy, ever unkind moods that so often exist in many homes everywhere.

* * "Troubles often come from whence we least expect them." Yet we may often prevent or counteract them by [illegible] are constantly troubled with a combination of diseases. Diseased kidneys and costive bowels are their tormentors. They should know that Kidney-Wort acts on these organs at the same time, causing them to throw off the poisons that have clogged them, and so renewing the whole system.

OBITUARY CURIOSITIES.

TIME was when people were content to wait a month to know how things were going in the world, and looked to the magazine, quite as much as the newspaper, for enlightenment on that head, an expectation in which they were not disappointed a hundred years ago.

Announcements of births, marriages, and deaths were accepted as gratuitous contributions, and the last mentioned were often expanded into biographical paragraphs, much more amusing and interesting than the curt advertisements familiar to modern eyes.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* of July 1799, we read:

"At Bristol Hot Wells, Anthony Morris Storer, Esq., of Devonshire Street, and Turley, Bucks.

"A man whose singular felicity it was to excel in everything he set his hand and heart to, and who deserved in a certain degree, if any one ever did since the days of Crichton, the epithet of Admirable.

"He was the best dancer, the best skater of his time, and beat all his competitors at gymnastic honors.

"He excelled, too, as a musician and a disputant, and, very early, as a Latin poet.

"In short, whatever he undertook, he did it con amore, and as perfectly as if it were his only accomplishment.

"He was polite in his conversation, elegant in his manners, and amusing in a high degree or otherwise, in the extreme, as he felt himself and his company."

Twelve years afterwards, Mr. Urban records that the world had lost a feminine paragon, by the death, at the age of twenty-one, of Miss Anne Butters; a young lady of delightful disposition and polished manners, who was conversant alike with ancient history, and the annals of her own country and of modern Europe; had an extraordinary acquaintance with geography, biography, and chronology, was alive to the charms of French literature, but enriched her imagination, strengthened her judgment, and refined her taste by perusing our own classics and poets.

"She was proficient at drawing, a beautiful writer, an admirable dancer; and when she played the piano, the effects produced by her correctness of judgment, delicacy of ear, and skilfulness of hand, were not unfrequently heightened by the clearness and melody of her voice.

"Some lucky man had won the heart and hand of this peerless maiden; "but alas, she had a heart too susceptible of the fine feelings of our nature.

"The too eager contemplation of the supposed scenes of future happiness which had recently opened upon her mind, the powerful effect produced by the consequent congratulations of her friends, and by regret at leaving a parental roof, gave rise to a nervous affection of the mind, which speedily terminated in her death."

Anticipations regarding the future had not in the same degree troubled the mind of Barbara Wilson, "a virtuous old maid," who died at Whittingham, East Lothian, in 1772, after enjoying single-blessedness for a hundred and twenty years!

She was the hen-wife of Alexander Hay, Esq., and "was so remarkable a genealogist of her feathered flock, as to be able to reckon to the tenth generation." In testimony of her uncommon merit, her remains were conveyed to the grave by a large assembly of females, uniformly dressed, no male creature being permitted to join in the procession.

Recording the death, in 1702 of the Hon. John Petre, Mr. Urban informs us that this younger brother of Lord Petre was the eighteenth member of the family that had died of smallpox in the space of twenty-seven years.

In 1798, was "executed, behind his own meeting-house, at Grey-Abbey, near Belfast, in Ireland, for treason, the Rev. James Porter, a dissenting minister. His head was not severed from his body." In the same year, Sergeant Mackay, of the Royal Edinburgh Volunteers, went over to the majority prematurely.

"The cause of his death originated in the treatment he received at the barbarous amusement frequent in that city on His Majesty's birthday, called 'making burgesses;'" at which time, and from the same cause, a gentleman of the royal corps of artillery, unfortunately, received his death."

More mysterious was the demise of the landlady of the Three Stags, in St. George's [illegible].

Indulging in an afternoon nap behind the bar, she dreamed she saw herself come into a room in which she was sitting, and that she spoke to and shook hands with her second self.

Whether it was her eidolon or not, certain it is that the next morning she was taken ill and died in a quarter of an hour. A Mrs. Johnson went off without even that much warning, dying "suddenly as she sat in her chair, and next day her husband as suddenly."

Even more of one mind were a Yorkshire pair, who were born on the same day, died nearly at the same hour, and—but that was a matter of course—"were deposited in the same grave"—a notification that would [illegible] the accompaniment. "At Ormskirk, Lancashire, Mrs. Blakesley, aged a hundred and eight; Mrs. Chorley, aged ninety-seven; and Mrs. Bennet, aged seventy-five; they were intimate acquaintances, and all died within the space of twelve hours."

☞ The Diamond Dyes for family use have no equals. All popular colors can be dyed, fast and beautiful. 10 cents a package.

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

BY MRS. MARY F. SCHUYLER.

The storm-king is abroad to-night,
I hear him in the thunder's tone,
I see him in the lightning's flash,
His voice is in the wild wind's moan;
No friend is near—the rain-drops fall,
With dreary, ceaseless monotone,
Each drop seems master of a voice
That seems to say "Alone, alone!"

"Ah! yes, alone?" my heart responds;
"My dearest idols all have flown,
Like summer birds which always seek,
With the first frosts, some fairer zone:"
Then from my window, soft and clear,
Issued a soft delightful strain,
Of music, growing sweeter till,
It soothed my heart's dull, aching pain.

"My harp!" I cry, in glad surprise,
"One friend, at least, is true to me,"
Sweeter and sweeter comes the strain,
I listen, wrapt in ecstacy,
Till suddenly the night winds rise
And drive the drifting clouds along,
While louder, fiercer grows each blast,
As if to test thy powers of song.

I should have saved thee, dearest friend,
From the harsh wind's fatal breath,
If I had thought, or even dreamed,
The end—the bitter end—was death;
I reached to take thee to my heart,
Because thy tones seemed fraught with pain;
Too late!—another cruel blast,
And every chord was broke in twain.

Oh! treacherous night—oh! cruel blast,
That robbed me of my heart's best love!
Oh! tell me if your idols here,
Are given a resting-place above?
For I shall often think I hear;
These dulcet tones at hour of even,
'Twould cheer my lonely life to know
That they descend to me from Heaven.

And as I clasp thee to my breast
While tears of sorrow freely flow;
I envy thee thy rest, my friend,
And long thy dreamless sleep to know;
And fondling now thy severed strings
Knowing thou art forever free;
I wonder when my heart-strings break,
If there'll be one to weep for me.

ABOUT THE CROW.

CROWS have always had justice done to their mental capacity. They have been called shreds of Satan, cinders from Tartarus, smuts from Hades, and what not; but no fabulist, from the time of Æsop or the old Buddhist stories, has ever ventured to trifle so far with the feelings of his readers as to represent the crow in a really foolish attitude.

The tale of the fox and crow, where the bird is tricked into losing his bit of cheese, is not a true case in point; for it does no more than reveal the crow as a vain bird, and vanity is a frequent accompaniment of greatness.

It has been said that the crow's appearance is not particularly striking—certainly not gay. But this was not always so; and we here come at once upon the crow's most atrocious characteristics—his misdirected talents, his diabolical ingenuity, the attributes which identify him at once with his big brother, the boding raven, and his scapegrace cousin, the mischievous jackdaw, who has not been afraid to bring himself under the ban of the church.

Naturalists tell us that king crows and crow pheasants, and other comely birds, are his blood relations; and most startling and incredible of all, were it not for corroborative tradition, that the birds of Paradise:

Those golden birds, that in the space-time drop
About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food
Whose scent hath lured them o'er the summer flood—

are "rather more than kin and less than kind" to him.

In this connection it is well to remind classical students that in Etruria the crow was sacred to Juno. To this must be added the scientific fact that the Indian crow is called the splendid crow, a style which is apt to make the unlearned scoff, and even led an ungenerous and flippant man of science to suggest, and actually publish in print, an emendation in the shape of the shameless crow. This was paltry, as evincing a desire to call names, and leave the poor bird no opening for the rehabilitation of his character; but it was worse than paltry—it showed either an entire ignorance of the crow's early history, or an ill-conditioned hope to smother his antecedents and bear them down under specious obloquy and an ill name, so that no one might believe in them.

But here Siamese traditions come to the rescue of the crow, and at any rate vindicate the historical aptness of the epithet splendid, if they do not serve to display him in any more favorable moral light than usual.

"Long ago," says the Siamese fabulist, "the crow was very much handsomer than he is now, and quite as gay as very much less intellectual birds. But one day he met the nok-jung, the peacock, in the forest, and looking at the splendor of his colors and the magnificence of his train, was moved to envy—not a credible trait, certainly, and for which he has suffered in the pages of Æsop, but one which it is difficult for even the most gifted to repress, especially in a case of outward appearance, which wins readier applause than any degree of mental power, however great. The crow, therefore, inquired whether it was not possible to dress him in such fine style also. The peacock was good-natured—revolving years have soured his temperament somewhat since then—and, moreover, as a well-informed bird, remembered the recent disappointment of the crow in the matter of the bird-sovereignty, and he therefore declared himself quite ready to effect the metamorphosis. It was a very easy matter, he said; all that was necessary to do was to cover over the crow with silver and gold after the fashion mankind had of decorating images. But previous to setting out to look for the materials, he smeared the crow all over with black pitch from the rakh tree, without which the silver and gold-leaf could not be got to stick on. The peacock was away some time gathering together the requisite amount of tinsel, and the restlessness of the crow in the meantime proved his ruin. He could not bear to remain doing nothing, and in his hoppings about and peerings into holes and corners, he came upon a decayed carcass in the underwood. Upon this he set to work with his accustomed good appetite, and when the peacock came back there was the crow riving and tugging away at a mass of smelling carrion. This was too much for the delicate nerves of the nok-jung. He was so disgusted at the sight that he utterly refused to have anything to do with gilding the offender; and so, as the pitch would not come off, the crow has had to remain ever since in his black dress, and has nothing to remind him of his former sprightly appearance but the title splendid crow, of which poor consolation even unappreciative and sinister naturalists would fain rob him." The crow and the peacock have been on bad terms ever since.

Grains of Gold.

The cause of labor is the cause of humanity.

Energy well directed never misses the mark.

'Tis the will that makes the action good or ill.

While life is fleeting secure a competency.

Let your motto be, "Onward and upward."

Make much of day, for to-morrow may deceive.

No matter what you wear; look to what you are.

Six days of labor make the seventh comfortable.

Do not hesitate to speak where speech will do good.

A truth that one does not understand becomes an error.

Little things console us because little things afflict us.

Men often blush to hear of what they were not ashamed to act.

Take your life just as it is given to you, and make it as beautiful as you can.

It is one of the severest tests of friendship to tell your friend of his faults.

God and His church condemns what is wrong, no matter if the world commends it.

To speak harshly to a person of sensibility is like striking a harpsichord with your fists.

You may gather a rich harvest of knowledge by reading; but thought is the winnowing machine.

Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart.

Peace in life springs from acquiescence even in disagreeable things, not in exemption from suffering.

To most men experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which illuminate only the track it has passed.

We should give as we receive, cheerfully, quickly, for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

Don't live for yourself, and do not be afraid of diminishing your own happiness by promoting that of others.

A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

Cultivate the habit of observation until it becomes fixed, and you never will be at a loss for employment of your thoughts.

Thought works in silence, so does virtue. What folly would one avoid did the tongue lie quiet till the mind had finished, and was calling for utterance!

Give me the friend who has the same love for me always, who is ready to "speak up" for me in the midst of enemies, and repeat what he considers my virtues as an offset to the failings they may rehearse.

Femininities.

Brown says the best way to retain a lady's affections is not to return them.

Fish may be scaled much easier by dipping in boiling water about a minute.

A dairyman's definition—Flattery is the milk of human kindness turned into butter.

Earth has nothing softer than a woman's heart, unless, perhaps, it be the head of some young admirer.

Small white tulle scarfs are twisted around the neck and taken down the front of the inside of the waist like a fichu.

When two women are talking together, it is safe to predict that they are saying evil of a third; when two men, that they are saying good of themselves.

A number of young ladies of this city have formed a club, resolving to kiss no young man who smokes cigarettes. Such self-sacrifice is at least worthy of praise.

Ingenious young ladies are making their own capes, muffs and cuffs, by sewing together fancy feathers from the wings and breasts of native birds, and chickens' throats.

Imitation pink pearls, carved out of pale pink coral, are so iridescent when finely polished as to be indistinguishable from the real pearls, except under the inspection of an expert.

What state could fall, what liberty decay, if the zeal of man's noisy patriotism was as pure as the silent loyalty of woman's love? Woman's love is a robe that wraps her from many a storm.

"Syracuse has a female architect," reports a Western newspaper; whereupon a blighted one writes: "New York hasn't a female architect; but she has more than one designing woman."

Long, straight redingotes are stylish for slender figures; stout ladies require draped overskirts, and this drapery must be made with reference to each wearer, though low draperies are generally becoming.

A auctioneer, while selling a stock of jewelry, describing a pair of jet earrings to a very respectable company of ladies, exclaimed: "Indeed, if my wife were a widow, I should positively buy them for her."

"Schoolgirl."—You say the youth you dote on is almost sixteen years old, and you want to give him a present which will please him more than anything else he could receive from others. Give him a shaving-case.

The London *Queen* says a gentleman should only offer his left arm to his wife. The only time when a lady is placed on a gentleman's left is during the marriage service, when the position indicates subjection.

A Georgia man who has been married seven times, says he has had awful hard luck. He'd scarcely get a wife before she'd die, and he'd have to go to the expense of courting and marrying another. The thing got to be ruinous.

It is said that would-be rivals of Mrs. Langtry in beauty hold lumps of ice in their cheeks when they rise in the morning, and the glow secured is guaranteed to last all day. It may also be guaranteed to start a first-class neuralgia.

At a funeral in Auburn, N. Y., a freshly-plucked rosebud was placed in the hand of the dead child. This bud gradually unfolded, and by the close of the service had become a full flower. The officiating clergyman gracefully and tenderly alluded to the strange circumstance.

A visitor at a mansion on the Avenue, remarked, as he caressed little Mollie: "She takes after her papa, and has got his hair." "No," said the little cherub, "it's not me that takes after papa and gets his hair. It's mamma who does that when he comes home at night."

The gallant editor of an Indiana paper declares: "There are no homely women. Some are more beautiful than others, that's all." This is pushing the theory of relativity to the verge. So considered, there is no badness in the world. Some people are better than others, that's all.

"Why does that lady wear so many bangles?" asked an observer of a vain society woman who was literally weighted down with those little ornaments. "Because she hopes the rattle of the bangles will detract attention from the rattle of her brains, I suppose," dryly remarked a person standing near by.

As heroic a deed as any one of those of the knights of olden times, was the noble act of two Western hunters, recently, who walked and carried a woman who had broken her leg eighty miles, and stopping but twice on the road to eat, until she was brought to a place where a surgeon could attend her. She is getting along nicely.

A bachelor and a spinster who had been schoolmates in youth, and were about the same age, met in after years, and the lady chancing to remark that "men live a great deal faster than women," the bachelor returned: "Yes, Maria; the last time we met we were each 24 years old; now I'm over 40, and I hear you haven't reached 30 yet." They never met again.

A good woman, the mother of a family, said once that "she kept awake all night, much worried because she had sealed a bottle of some fancy pickles and neglected to put in a certain kind of spice." Think of it. In a world of important work, in a life crowded with grand possibilities, a woman making herself miserable over one little jar of pickles!

Here is an ingenious "Elegy to the Memory of Miss Emily Kay, cousin to Miss Ellen Gee, of Kew, who died lately at Ewell, and was buried in Essex, written by Horace Smith:

When her piano-fo she did press,
Such heavenly sounds did MNS. that she
Knowing her Q. soon I if I confess
Her XCLNC in XTC.

Many a wife is the cause of her own neglect and sorrow. The woman deserves not a husband's love who will not greet him with smiles when he returns from the labors of the day; who will not try to claim him to his home by the sweet enchantment of a cheerful heart. There is not one in a thousand so unfeeling to withstand such an influence and break away from such a home.

News Notes.

Always strain lemonade which is intended for a sick person.

De Lesseps promises the formal opening of the Panama Canal in 1885.

Redingote costumes, entirely without drapery, are stylish for traveling.

A New Englander put an owl in his cellar to catch rats, and the rats ate the owl.

While a California woman was selecting a tombstone, it fell and killed her little girl.

Queen Victoria wears the same fashion of hoopskirt that was in vogue over twenty-five years ago.

To relieve toothache, apply to the troublesome tooth a bit of cotton saturated with ammonia.

There are more Lutheran ministers in Pennsylvania than in any other State—the number being 550.

The flag of truce used by the confederates at the surrender of Appomattox Court House was a towel.

There is said to be in Boston a great increase in drunkenness among the wives of merchants and laborers.

President Arthur and Senator Edmunds are very "chummy." Each knows how to enjoy good company.

Judge Connor, of Ohio, has recently decided that schoolhouses cannot legally be used for church purposes.

The number of pensioners on the rolls at the first of last month was 301,656, to whom is annually paid $28,013,699.

There are 717,000 Sunday-school children in New York State. A goodly army, if they will only graduate with honor.

An Englishman offers Gambetta $2,500 for the bullet which recently took off two of the Frenchman's fingers.

The latest fashionable craze is the "colored lunch," table appointments, glass, china and linen being all of one tint.

The Supreme Court of the United States has affirmed the constitutionality of the act forbidding political assessments.

The new baby Spanish princess sleeps in a most elaborate cradle, shaped to represent a conch shell, and lined with pink satin.

A Chicago paper suggests a shorn lamb as a design for the tombstone to be erected on Jay Gould's plot in Woodlawn Cemetery.

In the city of New York, during the last twelve years, 1,687 persons took their own lives, of which 1,126 were men, and the remainder were women.

The census shows that while there are thirty and a half million pairs of boots made in this country annually, there are about 42 millions pairs of shoes.

James Gordon, who has been in charge of the Peoria, Ohio, post-office for 32 years, has been a postmaster longer than any other man in the United States.

An Albany man who was worth $100,000 ten years ago, and who refused the nomination for Mayor, now puts in his time in the street-car stables at $1 a day.

Men are cheap in Chicago. A woman sued a saloon-keeper for making her husband an imbecile by selling him liquor, and the jury gave a verdict of $250!

The royal family of Spain is growing economical. Only four Christian names have been given to the new infant, whereas Spanish princesses usually have a dozen.

One of the most important changes in fashions is the return to trained skirts for house wear. Street dresses are still made short enough to clear the ground all around.

A gentleman living in Providence, R. I., paid his grocery bill, lately, all in pennies, there being 6,200 of them—a water-pail over half full, weighing 47 pounds in all.

The largest fruit-seller in New Orleans, on being asked what became of all the cocoanut-shells, replied that he sent annually 1,500,000 to New York to be ground up with black pepper.

The first newspaper published in this country was issued in Boston September, 1690, and was called *Public Occurrences*. It lived just one day. It was so outspoken the magistrates suppressed it.

Two ninety-foot lathes, said to be among the largest in the world, have been made by the South Boston Iron Works. Each lathe contains 800,000 pounds of iron. They are to be used to bore out cannon.

It is said that Thurlow Weed for fifty years was in the habit of repeating, from memory, to his wife each evening the happenings of his daily life, including even the smallest details of the day's events.

A teaspoonful of charcoal in half a glass of warm water often relieves a sick headache. It absorbs the gases, and relieves the distended stomach, pressing against the nerves that extend from the stomach to the head.

All Saints' Episcopal Cathedral, in Albany, has developed a rare amount of enterprise. Not only does it advertise its advent services in the newspapers, but puts posters on the walls inviting the public to attend.

A SLIGHT EXPOSURE IN BAD WEATHER, when the system is out of order, often brings on a Stubborn Cold, the attending Cough irritates the Lungs, and if not properly treated, frequently develops a tendency to a tuberculous condition. To avoid this danger, those troubled with Colds should resort at once to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which loosens and eradicates Coughs, soothes and heals inflamed parts, and removes all anxiety by setting the patient on the way to good health once more.

Daisy's Mistake.

BY G. D.

"I TELL you she doesn't care that for me," Lance Silvester said, with a deep sigh.

"Of course she doesn't," answered his energetic sister, a black-eyed slender girl, of whose opinion her handsome brother had the very highest estimation.

"Of course Daisy doesn't care for you.

"What girl would care for a lover as disconsolate as you are—for ever sighing because she is not as desperately in love as you are yourself?"

Lance frowned at Maud's pronounced ultimatum.

"I suppose you either don't know, or choose to forget, the very positive fact that there is a very great deal of coquetry in a woman's nature," Maud went on, with the air of a *savant*, that sat very prettily on her twenty-year-old shoulders; "and just in proportion as she sees her lover is spoony over her—and you are awfully spoony, Lance, if you'll excuse the inelegant expression—she instinctively delights in playing with her fish, until she gets ready to land him."

"I don't see what it's got to do with Daisy May and me.

"I can't feign an indifference I don't feel.

"I love her, and she knows it.

"I am sure I can't give her up, and she will not be won."

His handsome blue eyes looked disconsolate indeed, and despite her emphatic laugh of disapproval of his gloominess, loving little Maud's heart ached to see the real pain and wanness at times on his face.

Truly, Daisy May was playing havoc with a high hand, with his overmastering love for her.

"If you would let me tell you what to do, you could manage it to suit yourself, Lance," she said, so coaxingly that his face brightened.

"Tell me," he answered eagerly.

She shook her head, with a saucy little flash from her eyes.

"You must commit yourself irrevocably to my counsel and direction if you desire me to lead you out of your Slough of Despond.

"In turn, I'll guarantee that naughty little Daisy will be completely conquered, and will come to terms when you see fit to dictate them.

"Is it a bargain?"

"I'd agree to any means, foul or fair, to win Daisy May," he said vehemently, and Maud suddenly leant forward and kissed his white forehead.

"I wish you didn't adore her so, dear—but, to my little plan.

"Mrs. Sydney is coming to visit me next week for a long delicious month—you remember she was my chum before she was married, Lance—well, she is coming here—just the sweetest, daintiest, most bewitching little thing you ever saw—a widow of twenty-two, Lance and I want you to flirt with her to desperation.

"I will post her as to the exigencies of the case, and she will come nobly to the rescue."

Lance's face lengthened again.

"A widow!

"I don't like widows at all; I never did Maud," he said disconsolately.

"And what if you don't?

"You are not expected to like Madge Sydney—she's not at all your style, and you wouldn't suit each other at all.

"But what of that?

"You and she can have a good time flirting, and Daisy will learn her lesson."

"You think Daisy cares for me at all, Maud, do you think so?" he asked, so eagerly that his own love was plainly to be seen.

"I know she does," Maud returned, coolingly.

"But she is an outrageous little flirt, and the very prettiest little girl in the place, and, besides—as I told you, it would be hardly possible for any woman to resist the temptation of playing a little with a fellow so desperately in love as you are."

"And you think it would not make her angry?

"You think—you are sure it will have the desired effect on her?"

"I am sure that a month's devotion on your part to Madge Sydney will bring Daisy May to terms."

Lance drew a long breath, and answered, somewhat reluctantly—

"Very well.

"I'm agreed, bring on your charming widow, ring up the curtain."

While Miss Daisy May, curled up in a Turkish chair in the adjoining room, which she had entered by an open French window an hour before, when she first came over for a call on the Silvester girls, stole noiselessly away, her grey eyes dancing with ecstatic delight, her saucy rosebud of a mouth all smiles.

"So that is your game, is it, Mr. Lance Silvester?

"Well, two can play at it better than one, it seems to me.

"It is the most delightful joke I ever heard in my life, wait a while, and we'll see who comes off conqueror."

She certainly was lovely enough to warrant Lance Silvester's infatuation, petite, graceful as a gazelle, with great masses of pale gold hair and liquid grey eyes, and a mouth like a scarlet berry, an aggravating little beauty who not only knew her power, and liked to use it, but who absolutely worshipped her handsome lover, and fully intended to one day let him be satisfactorily aware of that fact.

But not just yet; and now with the secret of the little stratagem in her possession Daisy was more imperiously independent than ever.

Very shortly after Mrs. Sydney came—as different from little Daisy May as a star from a lamp, statuesque, surpassingly beautiful, tall, stately, haughty, with a complexion like alabaster, and eyes and hair of deepest, duskiest darkness—a royal creature, who condescended to enter into the romantic little affair with all her heart.

"I am afraid I shall positively enjoy it," she said to Lance, after they had become thoroughly good friends.

And her bewitching grace and good humor put away all the awkwardness Lance had dreaded.

But the speedily initiated flirtation had not the slightest effect upon Daisy, thanks to her being forewarned.

"It is too delicious for anything," she told herself, a hundred times a day, "and I am anxious for the *denouement*.

"Let him devote himself all he pleases to his gushing widow—he'll learn that he can't conquer me.

"And when Mrs. Sydney has gone home, I'll tell him how absurd his plan was, and reward him at last."

While in the meantime she had not the slightest trouble in inaugurating an equally earnest flirtation with Lance Silvestor's special detestation, Barry Lambert, the richest young fellow in the place, whose intelligence was in an inverse ratio to his possessions, and who drove the finest horses, and wore the biggest diamonds, and was very much taken with pretty little Daisy.

Madge and Lance were duly posted by the naughty Maud, and assured by her that Daisy was behaving just as she intended she should behave.

"At the picnic yesterday she watched you and Madge, furtively, whenever you were alone together.

"Didn't you notice it, Lance?" Maud said one day.

"No, I didn't see it."

"Because you were so devoted to Madge.

"She was the loveliest woman there, and you had many an envious look.

"She is sweet, isn't she?"

"She certainly is just as charming as she can be," Lance answered.

It was just three weeks from the day she had come, and two weeks later still, one cool September night, when she and Lance stood in the bay window, the harvest moonlight flooding them with silvery radiance, Mr. Silvester was looking down in her sweet face, with his hands on her shoulders, and a very determined look in his eyes.

"It is not nonsense, Madge," he said eagerly; they are the truest words I ever spoke in my life.

"I love you, my darling, I love you with all my heart, and if you don't tell me you return my love, I shall be the most miserable man in the world.

"I want you for my wife, dear.

"I want you, Madge."

She trembled a little beneath his passionate eyes as she lifted her own.

"We never intended it to end thus.

"Think of Daisy May, Lance!"

"I never shall think of her again.

"I never cared for her as I cared for you.

"My fancy for her I see now was only a fancy, sickly sentimental.

"My love for you is true, deep—give me a lifetime with you to prove it, Madge."

And when Lance took her into the library to introduce her sister-in-law *ad futurum* to Maud, that very astute young lady never once hinted that she was not at all surprised, or that her plan had prospered according to her own secret wishes.

And Daisy May!

Maud herself told her the news.

"Oh, you don't mean it, really!" she said, struggling hard against a wild desire to cry.

"It is a joke, surely.

"Why they haven't been acquainted but a few weeks."

"I have always known her, you know, and living in the house with us made a very delightful opportunity for an intimacy," Maud said sweetly, then added—"I suppose I am to congratulate you on your conquest of Mr. Lambert?"

And then poor little Daisy burst out in a sob of tears she could not restrain.

"Don't mention Barry Lambert's name to me—I detest him."

And when after Maud had gone, and Daisy standing by the window, saw handsome Lance and his lovely betrothed ride by, she just sat down and cried until she was sick.

Now, girls, my moral, in the form of a conundrum.

If you flirt, which will it be—to lose or gain a lover?

CHANCES OF MARRIAGE.—The following curious statement is drawn up from the registered cases of eight hundred and seventy-six married women in France: and is the first ever constructed to exhibit to ladies their chances of marriage at various ages. Of the eight hundred and seventy-six females there were married:

3 at 13	59 at 22	5 at 32
11 " 14	53 " 14	7 " 33
16 " 15	36 " 25	5 " 34
43 " 16	24 " 26	2 " 35
45 " 17	28 " 27	0 " 36
77 " 18	22 " 28	2 " 37
115 " 19	17 " 29	0 " 38

And by this matrimonial ladder it would appear, that 18 and 19 are the ages preferred.

Humorous.

Safety matches—Sham fights.

Mrs. Partington says that her minister preached about the "Parody on the Probable Son."

Why may sugar-tongs be said to be like matrimony? Because they are a pair of spoons united.

A young lady, not well versed in music, wants to know if dance music is written in foot notes.

About the only kind of vice much shunned by the young men of to-day seems to be advice.

"Generous to a fault"—may be said of men—at least they are generous enough to their own faults.

Why is a railroad so patriotic? Give it up. Because it is bound to the country by the strongest ties.

Wanted to know, whether it is a sure sign, when a man slips down in the mud, that he has had a drop too much.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it Complete, permanent cure, corns, warts, bunions!

Brown says that patients do more for doctors than doctors can do for patients. The patients enable the doctors to live.

STINGING irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1.

A boy is never so happy as when the family is moving and he walks the streets to the new house wearing a table on his head.

"Buchupaiba."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases $1.

What resemblance is there between kind words and the baldheaded?—Kind words can never die, and the baldheaded can never dye either.

The Following Letter Speaks for Itself.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 3, 1882.

WILLIAM J. PHILLIPS, Esq., President American District Telegraph Company:

DEAR SIR:—Quite a serious fire having originated last evening between seven and eight o'clock, under the floor of the dining-room of the premises 1027 Spruce street, I called into service the Fire Department of the American District Telegraph Company. The alarm was answered with great promptness, and the fire was soon extinguished.

I desire to return my sincere thanks to your company for the admirable efficiency of the service rendered, and especially to call attention to the excellent management and courtesy of your officers, Amburger and Hess, who deserve great commendation.

I am, respectfully yours,

JAMES W. HAZELHURST.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 34 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 23 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

KIDNEY-WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF

CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

☞ If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York

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MANUFACTURING CO.

SEWING MACHINES, Needles, Parts, Attachments, Sewing Machine Findings, etc.

LUFKIN BUTTON-HOLE MACHINES,
NATIONAL BUTTON-HOLE MACHINES.

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50 All New Chromo Cards for '83, name on 10c, or 40 Gold and Silver 10c. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N.Y.

PHYSICIANS AS A RULE

are having but little success in curing what are generally termed Malarial diseases, and for this reason it is quite frequently said that they do not know what Malaria is. Let us see what the principal difficulties are with which they have to contend. There is an old proverb which says, "You should always tell your Doctor and Lawyer the truth." Did you do this when you first consulted your physician in regard to those queer chills followed by flushes of heat—that numbness and pain in all parts of the body which he said was Malaria? Did you tell him that you had often suffered during the previous year with sour stomach, heartburn, nausea, flatulence, constipation, and occasional griping, and that your tongue had been coated more or less for a long time? If not, you are more in fault than the Doctor. You probably told him the truth, but not the whole truth, and it is from this cause, this neglect of what are considered by many as trifling ailments, that people are compelled to suffer long illnesses, which simple remedies will prevent if taken in time.

The symptoms we have mentioned are those of a weak and bilious condition of the digestive organs and a diseased liver. They are borne by many with but little complaint, the patient generally attending to his usual occupation, and scarcely mentioning his ailments to his nearest friends. He sometimes has an excellent appetite, eating heartily and with great relish. At other times there is positive disgust for all food. There is with some a constant dull headache, with dots before the eyes, pain in the right side, a sleepy, dull feeling after meals, a restless, nervous condition at night, bad dreams, at times great melancholy without apparent cause, a costive condition of the bowels, a coated tongue.

These symptoms, when not attended to, are sure to undermine the system and produce the most serious diseases. Typhoid fever is caused by the neglect of these ailments. Chills and fever are always traceable to an impaired condition of the digestive organs. No one was ever attacked with Malaria whose digestion was good. Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint often lead to Consumption. The digestive organization is the basis of health, and any deviation from perfection is dangerous.

How shall we keep the digestive organs in such a condition that the system will resist disease?

Our answer to this is plain, and we think reasonable. We must go to the original cause of the trouble. If the stomach has become filled up with slimy secretions, they must be removed, and this should be done without irritation. The bowels must be purified and cleansed without weakening the general system. The liver must be roused to healthy action, and made to secrete the proper amount of bile necessary to good digestion. A few doses of Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills will do all this.

They are the great remedy of the age. The have driven from use more poisonous drugs than any medicine ever brought before the public. Before their introduction, mercury or calomel was a remedy used daily in the practice of every physician. It is now only used by the careless or ignorant. It is known as a violent mineral poison, and would never be used by any one if all knew the virtues of that great vegetable remedy, Mandrake, as prepared by Dr. Schenck.

Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills are sold by druggists everywhere at 25 cents per box, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Dr. Schenck's Book on Consumption, Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, is sent free, postpaid, to all applicants. Address Dr. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia, Pa.

John Wanamaker's STORE

Everything in Dry Goods, Wearing Apparel and Housekeeping Appointments sent by mail, express or freight, according to circumstances—subject to return and refund of money if not satisfactory. Catalogue, with details, mailed on application.

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40 HORSESHOE, HAND and BOQUET, CHROMO CARDS, Name on, 10 cents.
C. W. BROOKS, Jamaica, Vermont.

IT PAYS to sell our Rubber Stamps and other Articles. Samples free. MITTAN & Co., Cleveland, O.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Sardis, O., Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

S. A. H.

Richland, Mo., Dec. 2, 82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

M. G. R.

Palestine, Tex., Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

M. J. H. L.

Abbeville, S. C., Dec. 2, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

S. W. C.

Youngstown, N. Y., Dec. 4, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

E. D. B.

Stonewall, I. T., Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

M. F. C.

Ellisville, Ill., Dec. 2, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

E. D.

Lambertville, N. J., Dec. 3, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

I. N. L.

Kill Creek, Kan., Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

G. W. W.

Evanston, Wyoming, Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

J. McC.

Incsuetta, British Col., Nov. 25, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

I. D.

Colegrove, Pa., Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

M. C. M.

Nevada, Ill., Dec. 6, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

M. J. F.

Hamilton, Ill., Dec. 1, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

E. D.

Conneaut, Pa., Dec. 7, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

D. R.

Madison, Ala., Dec. 3, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

A. H. L.

Jackson, Mich., Dec. 7, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

H. H.

McFall, Mo., Dec. 5, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

M. E. E. L.

Facetiæ.

A beautiful extract—Helping a young lady out of a mud-hole.

"My tale is ended," as the tadpole said when he turned into a bullfrog.

The young man who boasted he could marry any girl he pleased, found that he couldn't please any.

Throwing red pepper down the register of a church will force the wickedest congregation to its senses.

The four boxes that govern the world.—The cartridge-box, the ballot-box, the jury-box, and the band-box.

Good partners at cards—A chimney-sweep and a bugler. One can follow soot, and the other trumpet.

A social philosopher says the art of flirting is in its infancy. It will be a sad day when the thing is grown up.

How a familiar axiom should really read.—Man wants but little here below, and he is not satisfied after he gets it.

Although salt air is considered healthy, it isn't good taste to keep a barrel of salt mackerel on the drawing-room table.

Jones says that he used to be proficient in half a dozen languages, but since he got married he is not even master of his own tongue.

What is that which every one wishes to possess, an which every one wishes to get rid of as soon as he has got it?—A good appetite.

"Free chops," is a sign hung out by a Chicago restaurant, and when the customers apply they are shown to a wood-pile and handed an axe.

At a public dinner one man gave his fork to another with the words, "Just stick that fork into that potato for me, will you?" His unneighborly neighbor did as he requested, and left it sticking there.

A young man finds himself in a perplexing situation when he is unable to distinguish between the ten-cent cigar purchased for his own enjoyment and the two-for-five intended for his prospective father-in-law.

A queen bee lays in the height of the season from 2,000 to 3,000 eggs in twenty-four hours. The man who will discover how to graft a queen bee on a hen, will make money enough in six months to buy out the whole continent.

An old bachelor leaving his boarding-house for a week's journey, after taking leave of his landlady, stepped up to a salt mackerel on the table, shook him by the tail and said, "Good-by, old fellow; I'll see you when I return."

KIDNEY-WORT

IS A SURE CURE

for all diseases of the Kidneys and

—LIVER—

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.

In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

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LADIES of the WHITE HOUSE

The ONLY Book of the kind ever pub'd

NEW EDITION. A HISTORY of every Administration from Washington to the present time, with over 20 Steel Portraits of Ladies of the White House, with views of many of the Homes of the Presidents. This is the most salable book published. Agents Wanted—Send for Circulars, with full particulars, to

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$100 to $250 per month guaranteed sure; a positive success to Agents everywhere selling our new braided SILVER MOULD WHITE WIRE CLOTHES LINE. Will last a lifetime and never rust. Pleases at sight. Everybody buys them. Samples free. Show to your friends and be convinced. Address GIRARD WIRE MILLS, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED for the best and fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING Co., Philada., Pa.

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"CURIOSITIES OF THE BIBLE." Also "WHAT WOMEN SHOULD KNOW." Most liberal terms to active agents. FIRESIDE PUB. CO., P. O. Box 62. 20 N. 7th St., Philada., Pa.

A HARVEST FOR AGENTS.

Choice Oleograph of Garfield Family on receipt of 50 cents. Do not fail to order. Also 3 8x12 Oleograph 12 for 25cts. National Chromo Co., 927 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS can now grasp a fortune. Outfit worth $10 free. Address E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

Ag'ts Wanted Sells Rapidly. P'rtic'l's free C'ds 4S 50 S. M. Spencer, 12 Wash'n St. Boston, Mass.

AGENTS can make money selling our Family Medicines. No capital required. Standard Cure Co., 197 Pearl Street, New York.

CARDS Send two 3c. stamps for beautiful new set of CHROMO CARDS and Price List. WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.

40 CARDS, all Chromo, Glass and Motto, in case, name in gold & jet 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Chills, Ague Chills, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Bruises, Coughs, Colds, Sprains, Pains in the Chest, Back or Limbs, are instantly relieved.

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Summer Complaints, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain.

Fifty Cents per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

WHETHER SEATED IN THE

Lungs, Stomach, Skin, Bones, Flesh or Nerves,

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. One Dollar Per Bottle.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.

Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

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Over Three-Quarters of a Million in Stock.

All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices.

Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c. Samples, information, and "SHOPPING GUIDE" free on application.

COOPER & CONARD, 9th & Market St., Philada.

Please say where you saw this Advertisement.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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DR. DYE'S VOLTAIC BELT.

BEFORE — AND — AFTER

Electric Appliances are sent on 30 Days' Trial.

TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD,

WHO are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, LACK OF NERVE FORCE AND VIGOR, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration of HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. The grandest discovery of the Nineteenth Century. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address

VOLTAIC BELT CO., MARSHALL, MICH.

LODER'S DIGESTIVE POWDER

Sure Cure for Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Heartburn, Nausea, Sour Stomach, Fetid or Foul Breath, Constipation, Sick Headache, Bilious Vomiting, Vertigo, Loss of Appetite, Flatulence with frequent Belching of Wind, Oppression after Eating, Burning Sensation at the Pit of the Stomach, and all ills which drive many to despair, arising from Dyspepsia or Indigestion.

The action of these Powders is directly upon the food during the process of digestion, absorbing gases, neutralizing acid, and correcting acid secretions, promoting digestion, improving the appetite, and giving tone and vigor to the entire system.

PRICE, 50 CENTS AND $1.

By sending the amount in stamps, will be mailed to any part of the city or country. Sole depot—

G. A. LODER, Apothecary,

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WE WILL SEND WITHOUT CHARGE.

Samples of Knitting Silk. A 32-page pamphlet, giving Rules and Designs for Knitting Silk Stockings, Mittens, Money Purses, Bather Caps, Lasso, etc., will be mailed to any address on receipt of 6 cts. in postage stamps or money.

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Send for circular about Waste Embroidery, 40c. per oz.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

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Lowest prices ever Known on Breech Loaders, Rifles, & Revolvers.

OUR $15 SHOT-GUN

at greatly reduced prices. Send stamp for our New Illus. Catalogue, 1882-83.

P. POWELL & SON, 338 Main Street, CINCINNATI, O

YOUR NAME Printed on 50 Extra Large Chromos in silver, gold, bevel, French and Swiss florals, remembrance & Good Luck, German, Floral, Motto, and Verse Cards. Name in fancy script type, 10c. 14 packs $1. Our Beautiful bound Book of 100 styles for 1883, 25c. Reduced Price List with each order. Elegant premium List, 6c. Address, E. M. FOOTE, Northford, Conn.

YOUR NAME in Elegant Script Type, on 10 beautiful imported chromo cards, 10c. 14 pks. $1. 20 pearl bevel gilt-edged cards with tapped corners, 10c. Agents' large album containing all the latest styles of imported bevel edge and satin fringe cards, with illustrated premium list & private terms to agents, 10c. CARD MILLS, Northford, Conn. CARDS

DON'T FORGET Where to Send for 50 very best NEW CARDS, just issued for 1883, for 10c. 15 packs $1. All Chromos. The loveliest fancy designs ever seen. To excel in quality is our aim. Name in new style type. Sample Book of all styles, Bevel Edge Imported Holiday and Birthday Cards, with 84 page Illustrated Premium List, 25c. Outfit 10c. E. F. EATON & CO. Northford, Conn.

$1.65 BUYS an Imported Key Wind Watch.—$3.15 BUYS an American Stem Wind Watch, Solid Coin Nickel Cases, Warranted. Send for Catalogue. A. COULTER, Chicago, Ill.

BEST CARDS SOLD! All new 50 Large, Perfect Chromos, name on, 10c. Beautiful designs of All. Satisfaction Sure. Elegant Album of Samples, with Mammoth Illustrated Premium List, 25c. Good Work. Prompt Returns. F. W. Austin, New Haven, Ct.

A KEY THAT WILL WIND ANY WATCH AUTOMATIC AND DO NOT WEAR OUT. SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail, 25c. Circulars free. J. S. BIRCH & CO., 39 Day St., N. Y.

LANDRETH'S SEEDS ARE THE BEST.

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, 21 and 23 S. Sixth St., Phila., Pa.

"Meet Me Darling by the Mill" and 100 other Choice Songs and Ballads, words and music, entire lot 10c. PATTEN & CO., 47 Barclay St., N. Y.

50 Lovely Moss Rose, Birds, Motto, Lilies, Winter and Moonlight Scenes, &c., all beautiful Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Ætna Printing Co., Northford, Ct.

IT PAYS to sell our Rubber Stamps and other Goods Circulars free. G. A. Harper Mf. Co., Detroit, Mich.

Splendid 20 latest style chromo Cards, name 13c. Premium with 8 packs. E. H. Pardee, Fair Haven, Ct.

50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

Two Photos of Female Beauties, 10c. Illustrated Catalogue free! J. Dietz, Box 3, Reading, Pa.

50 Chromo or 40 Transparent cards with name and Handsome Present, 10c. Gem Card Co., E. River, Ct.

30 Gilt Edge Cards, with name and elegant case, 10 cents. H. M. COOK, Meriden, Conn.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THERE are many favorite varieties of furs this season, and the importations last year seem to have comprised them all. Beaver, black-dyed rabbit, called conies; otter of different kinds, sables, Nutria skins, Persianas, and Astrakhan, and every variety of fancy fur.

The price of all these furs is necessarily increased by the adherence to the old custom of sending them in immense quantities to certain large central markets, such as London, Novgorod or Leipsic, whence they find their way back to the general trade.

Sealskins are principally used for ladies' wear, or for men's caps and gloves. A good sealskin differs from a poor one in the length and thickness of the staple, in its glossiness and general appearance.

A preference is given this season to dark colored skins, but, as they have been artificially colored, they do not wear so well as those of the natural tint.

Fur dealers are of opinion that the process resorted to for obtaining very dark color is injurious to the skins, and upon that account skins which were lightly dyed ten years ago wear better than those which are now fashionable.

The varieties we have mentioned are all fur seals, but there are other kinds of seal known as the hair seal, or blue black, which are also caught in the Northern seas, and are used for caps and gloves. Wool seal, again, which is also called "white-coat," is in appearance not unlike sheepskin, and is dyed and much used for trimmings.

The various dyes used in the preparation of skins are trade secrets.

Sealskins vary greatly in price, from about $12 to $14 at the large auction sales in London.

Skins, both of land and sea otters, are imported in their natural state. The latter, simply dressed and undyed, is largely used for trimmings, and the most expensive of all furs except sable.

This season the New York trade is supplied with more expensive otter than ever before, many of the skins valuing over $150.

Such skins are very fine and of great length, being often as much as six or eight feet long; and so precious are they that a skin would be looked upon as damaged if a single hair were plucked from it.

Domestic furs are but little in favor. Among them are the mink, fox, raccoon, muskrat, skunk and opossum.

They, too, are shipped to Leipsic to be sold at the fairs, and thence they find their way to Russia and the cold countries of Northern Europe.

They are very cheap this season, muskrat skins costing but 20 cents each, fox from $1 to $2, skunk, $1 to $3, while raccoon is also low priced.

Since sealskin became the fashion there has been literally no demand for sable; it is entirely and completely out of date. The reason for this lies, perhaps, in the fact that it is much heavier than sealskin, and a sacque lined with sable or mink is somewhat clumsy.

A sable sacque would cost as much as $1200 to $1800, and then not have so fine an appearance as one of seal.

From South America the trade receives a skin known as Nutria, which is very similar to beaver and is very expensive.

It is principally used for making the finest felt for men's hats.

Persianas and Astrakhans are becoming very fashionable for trimmings, and are very scarce.

For some six or seven years they have scarcely been imported at all, but as this season they are to be worn they are again in the market, valuing from $6 to $8 a yard.

Furs used for making garments are called fancy furs, and pay a duty of 35 per cent. Only one or two houses, however, import them, for most of the fur garments worn by American women of fashion are made here expressly to meet their taste.

Fur garments of French make are a little too dressy, and are often overtrimmed, while those made in England are somewhat clumsy and heavy.

The American manufacturers have succeeded in producing an article which is a happy medium between the two.

A toilet set which is very pretty and tasteful for a birthday gift, is made of blue satin.

The set is to consist of a pincushion and two mats; line the mats with blue silesia, and trim the edge with Valenciennes lace; on one mat work in outline stitch a small horseshoe; work this with olive and pink embroidery silk.

Do not put the horseshoe in the center of the mat but at one side.

The words "Good Luck" should be worked in the rim of the horseshoe. The other mat may be prettily ornamented by embroidering a fan on it.

The cushion should have the monogram of the owner on it, and at each corner put a satin bow, and a frill of lace around the edge of the cushion.

A handsome panel for the wall is made of a strip of black satin 15 inches long and seven inches wide.

On this is embroidered in silk a bunch of pinks.

The top and bottom of the panel are finished with bands of scarlet plush about two inches wide.

A brass wire is fastened to the top, and a silk cord to hang it by.

On the bottom are fine silk bails of various shades of red. The panel should be lined with some material of sufficient body to keep it smooth.

Another elegant panel is made of pale blue satin or plush with a bird and its nest painted on it in winter colors.

A cane-seated chair is at best not very comfortable in cold weather, and may be improved by fastening a moveable cushion to the back, at the least, if not to the bottom also.

This may be accomplished in various ways.

One easy way is to purchase a scarlet Turkish towel, fasten a layer of cotton to it, line it with Turkey red calico and catch it to the top of the chair with bows of ribbon, and at the bottom with some stout cord. The seat may be cushioned in the same way, and if the chair is small the towel will answer for both cushions.

Patchwork or cretonne may be used in place of the Turkish toweling, but that is both serviceable and pretty.

An elegant lambrequin was recently exhibited in an art store. It attracted a good deal of attention, although its ornamentation was simple.

The lambrequin was of dark crimson plush (velvet or velveteen could be used with good effect.)

Then there were rows of crescents of thin brass, put on in diagonal lines; the rows were about three inches apart. On the edge was a row of silk tassels, and each of these was tied with a silk cord to one of the crescents, and then was fastened to the velvet with the same cord.

When knitting children's stockings of the German knitting yarn, or of other heavy qualities of yarn, do not use too large needles.

Of course, you can get along much faster, and the stockings will thicken somewhat when washed for the first time, but they will not be nearly so serviceable as if knit with smaller needles, only a trifle larger than those which you use in knitting the cashmere yarns.

There is a great deal of novelty as well as variety in the street suits of the present season.

Handsome dark carmelite wools are embroidered upon the flounces, bodices and paniers with silk of the same color in the same way that the pongees and the nun's veilings were ornamented last summer. Ordinary cashmeres and camel's-hair cloths are enriched in the same way, and the grades reach a very fine quality; but there are extra fine cashmeres which are more artistically embellished with designs which are a blending of applique work and silk and gold embroidery, the long, slender appliques resembling reeds and aquatic plants filled in with coral and other sea treasures. These are made up with plain skirts or flounced hip paniers and basques. The back of the short skirt may be box-plaited or gathered or draped.

Soutache embroidery is revived, but is almost exclusively executed in narrow, heavy flat braids, the shade of the material. These braids are put on partly flat, partly in a raised (knife edge) pattern, which assists the design and renders it much more effective.

A complete beige colored suit, handsomely soutached, with beige hat and feathers, is very distinguished; in fact, a complete suit of this description in any fine dark color can hardly fail to be handsome.

Fireside Chat.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A NOVEL use of outline stitch is in fashion.

The ordinary Nottingham lace tidy is transformed by its aid into a piece of decorative needle-work.

Upon the centre, which is usually plain, figures are worked in filoselle or crewels while the bordering, which is generally of geometrical or fancy design, is outlined in the same materials, in all colors, the centre of a circle or square being often worked in beads.

The fashionable arrasene, which figures so conspicuously in embroidery this fall, is now used to decorate the plush frames for beveled mirrors.

Designs are worked either in the corners or across the top and bottom, and are exceedingly effective.

A new stitch is in use which is a sort of combination of feather and cross-stitch, and is very effective upon canvas.

This consists in working stitches of varying length into and between each other, in every alternate one the thread being passed under the needle in such a way as to produce a chain stitch.

Combinations of painting and needle-work are very usual.

For instance, an exceedingly pretty lamp shade is made by painting different designs upon squares of colored silk and then uniting the squares by sewing insertions of French lace round them, to which deep lace edging is afterward joined.

A still handsomer effect is given by the introduction of pretty tatting pattern between the squares and the addition of a border of tatted medallions.

Ribbon forms quite an important feature in needle-work to-day.

Raised effects are produced by gathering ribbon about an inch wide at intervals and then forming it into the shape of a bud or flower and laying it with a few invisible stitches in the centre of a round of plush or velvet.

Very pretty scraps for the piano are made in ordinary muslin, with such raised work in ribbon carried out at the ends.

The French knot, which is used for the centres of flowers or for stamens, pistils, etc., in art embroidery, is very easily made and needs only a little care to be very effective.

In making it the thread is brought through to the front of the work and held in the left hand four or five inches from the work, while the needle is kept in the right hand.

The thread thus held in the left hand must be twisted two or three times round the needle as close to the work as possible, then the point is turned down into the material nearly, but not exactly, where the thread came up, the needle is pulled through to the other side, and the thread carefully drawn until the knot is firm.

A little practice will result in a perfect French knot.

Darning stitch is very much in use now.

Designs are worked upon Java canvas in arrasene, and the background is simply darned over quite evenly in any neutral-tinted crewel that may be preferred.

This method has entirely superseded the old-fashioned cross-stitch.

The imitation of tapestries and tapestried effects is more fashionable than ever.

A great deal of this is obtained by what is known as inlaid applique, which consists in tracing the same pattern on two materials and then carefully cutting both out, and in laying one onto the other by sewing the upper portion on to the under with thread and covering the stitches with fine cord or windings of floss silk.

Sometimes narrow ribbon or braid is stitched over the edges to keep them flat.

Oriental embroidery on thin muslin is readily imitated at home by the use of pearl and iridescent beads and velvet and plush leaves.

The raised appearance of the flowers, whether they are in beads or in embroidery is gained by padding.

Cotton wool is first sewn very firmly upon the outlined design, and then the beads are threaded in the numbers necessary and laid carefully over the padding, always being placed in one direction.

Generally, in reproducing a flower in beads, the centre will be a pearl or cluster of smaller beads to represent the raised centre of the natural flower.

Drawn work is rapidly becoming more and more fashionable.

It is trying to the eyes but so fascinating that ambitious workers are always elaborating designs in it.

It consists of drawing out the threads of fine linen and filling in the spaces thus obtained by stitches of every variety.

Recently, decoration for towels and napkins has taken this form:

The threads are drawn out at regular intervals, and then a design is worked in the interstices in colored threads either in herring-bone, button-hole or chain stitch, or by simply overcasting.

The most fascinating baby blankets are made now in fine Saxony flannel, embroidered in raised designs of flowers and birds.

The angels' heads which were so fashionable last year are scarcely seen; they are replaced by a double bordering of delicately tinted blossoms, one end being folded over and worked in such a way that it can be placed outside the coverlet.

The latest style of all adds a monogram in the centre.

Gold embroidery can seldom be satisfactorily carried out upon the material to be decorated.

The best and safest way is to work the design upon linen or crash and then cut it out and applique it on to the surface upon which it is required.

LIKE unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance, and beauty, so do kind words and gentle acts and sweet dispositions make glad homes where peace and blessing dwell.

Correspondence.

RON, (Erie, Pa.)—Deal to the left.

RAY, (Oakland, Ia.)—Yes. It would constitute a marriage in law.

INQUIRER.—No reduction in rates on account of not taking premium. See page 8.

ELECTRICIAN, (New York, N. Y.)—We cannot give details of inventions in extenso, as our space will not permit it. We must refer you to recent numbers of such papers as deal with electrical and engineering subjects.

AMINA, (Camden, N. J.)—We never recommend the stage as a means of gaining a livelihood, unless a person has a talent that would ensure success. Bad pay and hard work is the usual lot of the majority who resort to the stage.

TRY, (Litchfield, Conn.)—Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews; four words only in Latin, of which the initials are I. N. R. I. The last two words in the second Latin motto must be wrongly spelt, since they mean nothing; the first means valor.

READER, (Burnett, Wis.)—According to Abyssinian tradition, the Ark is still preserved in the large stone church at Axum. Menelek, the son of Solomon by the Queen of Sheba, stole it, it is said, when he returned from Jerusalem to Abyssinia, where he founded the Solomonic dynasty.

BIRDLYME, (Idaho, Idaho.)—If cavalry soldiers were allowed to "rise" when trotting, they would be liable to be unseated in a charge. By sitting well down in their saddles with long stirrups, they become, as it were, part of the horse, and have a seat which it is not easy to lose, and from which it is difficult to dislodge a man.

J. N. B., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—A diamond cannot be spotted. The mark you mention is probably an internal flaw, and was very likely known to the dealer who sold it to you. A diamond would not suffer much injury from ordinary fire; but, if raised to a white heat, swells up and assumes the appearance of cake, and, if thus heated in the presence of oxygen, burns away into carbonic acid gas.

L. I. H., (Weehawken, N. J.)—We presume that by "solid silver" you mean "pure silver." We do not know that it is ever manufactured, or that it has any distinctive mark; nor do we know that gold lower than nine carat is ever manufactured or marked. Plated goods are never Hall-marked; nor gilt goods, unless of silver, when they have the silver mark. Silver lower than sterling is never marked.

JENNIE, (Bath, Ky.)—Your letter is a very nice, modest little epistle, and we would be glad to dance with you, did we meet you. Prudery is quite as false and as harmful as the other extreme. We should not see harm where no harm exists, or blame a set of young girls for being young, and setting off their beauty to its fullest extent. Time will come soon enough, when their dancing days will be over.

W. H. I., (Madison, Va.)—The coloring matters of ordinary inks are compounds of tannic and gallic acids with iron salts. Other bodies, such as logwood extract, indigo compounds, soluble Prussian blue, aniline blues and blacks, and chromium salts are also used. The best inks, however, consist mainly of the first-named bodies, and are made by mixing a solution of sulphate of iron with the extract of Aleppo galls.

R. K., (Washington, Ind.)—There must be some mistake. Ask once again by letter the reason of conduct so strange. You cannot possibly do more in the matter. Personally hold aloof, but request an explanation; and doubtless it will be forthcoming. If not, let the other party see by your decorous manner and reserve that your self-respect is wounded. It would be wrong to do more than this, unless you can find a mutual friend who would interpose to clear up what is perhaps a misunderstanding.

NANCY LEE, (Roanoke, N. C.)—Throw the card into the fire, and should you meet again, show by your self-possession and real indifference that you have not lost all self-respect. It was an insult of the grossest kind that you received. It would be mean, and prove you deficient in honor, to take any notice of the correspondence. You did very wrong in even taking the card. These are the devices by which life-long misery and inextinguishable sorrow and regret begin. When the evil ones of the earth go out to prey on the inexperienced, they lay themselves out to lure. Do not be misled by appearances. If, after this warning, you err, the fault will be your own.

SHELL, (Butler, Ala.)—Guard against such foolish feelings. Abandon the thought: it is madness of the most miserable and misery-bringing kind. Not only is it wrong, but wilfully degrading. Recover your self-respect, and, if only for the sake of your parents, place a restraint on infatuations which cannot, if they be not quickly and strongly repressed, fail to cloud your life with a great sorrow, and, for the fancied pleasure of a passing hour, barter away the enduring happiness of your existence. Do not parley with the tempter; simply dismiss him from your thoughts. There must be no quarter for an enemy of this class, but a stern and relentless antagonism, or all will be lost.

MOTHER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—It is a great pity to let a boy of such an age be idle. Would it not be possible to get him apprenticed to some master with whom he could reside, and who would, by the terms of his apprenticeship, have full control over him, and so be able to train him? He will never learn a trade while he lives at home, methinks, and it is to be feared that he will go from bad to worse. Evidently, from what you say about him, he stands in sore need of firm but kind treatment, with an orderly but active life of labor, such as only a master could impose. See if apprenticeship to an active trade, with the condition that he should live wholly with the master and be trained by him, could be managed.

SCRIBO, (Schuyler, Ill.)—The division of the circle into three hundred and sixty degrees, and of the degrees and minutes into sixty parts, is doubtless to be dated from the introduction of the sexagesimal division of numbers, which was invented by Claudius Ptolemy in the second century of the Christian era, and was, therefore, unknown to Euclid, who flourished about 217 B. C. The decimal system of notation does not appear to have been introduced into Europe till about the tenth century. Latitude and longitude had their origin about 200 B. C., and were first used to fix the positions of the stars; Hipparchus, one hundred and fifty years later, dedicated the parallels of latitude and the meridians on the surface of the globe, thus founding the method of determining the positions of places, and hence of constructing maps, as we find it at the present day.